100 Shades of Hannigram

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100 Shades of Hannigram

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

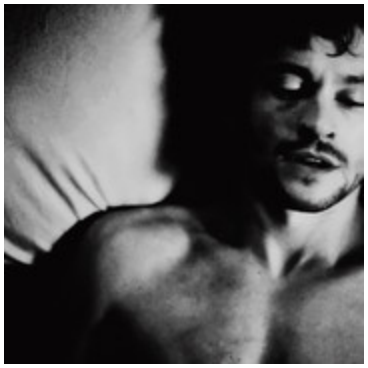
This is a ficlet collection which will be updated when inspiration strikes. It serves as a means to keep me motivated for writing, even if I can't update my other stories. All stories have different lengths and range from tweet-sized microfics to ficlets of 500-1000 words.

- Inspired by Crumbles of unfulfilled expectations by Cinnamaldeide

Fill me up, Daddy (Omegaverse I)

Chapter Notes

Cw Omegaverse



Fill me up, Daddy

"Fill me up, Daddy", Will whimpered, spreading his legs further. He wanted Hannibal's knot inside him. Hannibal purred and growled at the prurient display of his omega's body. "Make me a pup.Make me pregnant." He begged."Of course, my love", Hannibal whispered.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

A Cannibal Family (Omegaverse II)

Chapter Notes

Cw Mpreg

A Cannibal Family

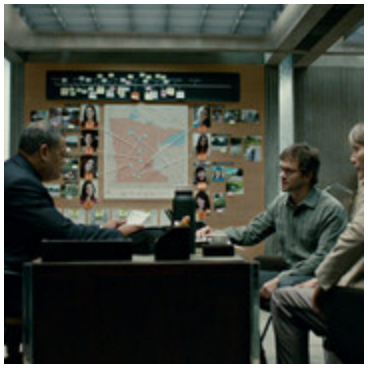
Hannibal planted gentle kisses on Will’s neck and shoulders, caressing his delicate baby bump with affectionate,round movements of his hands."We’re finally going to be a family”, Hannibal breathed into his ear. "A cannibal family”,Will corrected him, smiling.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Jack’s Reaction (Omegaverse III)

Chapter Notes

Cw Mpreg



Jack’s Reaction

Jack Crawford shifted his gaze from Hannibal to Will. Disapproval was written in every inch of his face when Will revealed his pregnancy and wish for maternity leave.”Why now, Will?”Jack finally asked in his stern, booming voice. "We need you more than ever.”

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Birth (Omegaverse IV)

Chapter Notes

Cw Mpreg

Birth

"She has your eyes", Will said to his husband in a hushed voice.Hannibal, sitting at the side of his hospital bed, rocked the newborn girl with the deep-red eyes softly in his arms."And your beautiful hair", he replied,ruffling through the first fluffy, coffee brown curls on her head.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Separation (Omegaverse V)

Chapter Notes

This text has the length of two Twitter posts today ;)

Cw Angst

Separation

The black vehicles of the FBI with the agents of the SWAT team lurking inside, prepared for the capture of the Chesapeake Ripper, had arrived in the drive in front of the mansion. “You have to protect Stella, Will.”, Hannibal urged his husband, as he looked out of the windows.

Will nodded, pressed the baby girl to his breasts to keep her safe and warm, but unwillingly let out whines and whimpers at the gut-wrenching thought of their inevitable separation. Hannibal gave Will a last passionate kiss before he left the house and surrendered to Jack Crawford.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Reunion (Omegaverse VI)

Chapter Notes

> Okay, I failed again to keep it short and simple. Another text with the length of three Twitter posts ;)

Reunion

The door of the prison cell opened with a click.Hannibal looked up in surprise from the cot to find Frederick Chilton and his beloved husband with Stella in his arms standing in front of the door.The Alpha girl beamed at him with her crimson eyes and bared her very first canine teeth.

She howled, growled and struggled to get out of the arms of Will, which made him smile and come closer to the cell. “You’re free to go, Hannibal. Jack sends his apologies. There is no usable evidence against you. According to him and your husband, Abel Gideon is the Ripper after all."Chilton remarked in a condescending, disapproving tone. His demeanour showed he was clearly disappointed he had to let his favourite subject go.

"Thank you, Frederick",Hannibal, merely replied,his eyes only fixed at his family. He brushed past him to take his little girl into his arms again and walk out with Will out of the terrible, bleak institution that had held him captive for months.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Scars (Omegaverse VII)

Chapter Notes

Content warning: This one contains mentions/ implications of abuse.

Scars

Hannibal’s cheeks were a little sunken and to Will’s horror he carried some marks and bruises on his body. His usual soothing blue eyes gleamed like bright,icy flames, when he explored Hannibal’s scars with his furry hands.With a single gaze Will understood.

Nonetheless he felt compelled to ask.”Who did this to you?”, Will inquired , a deep guttural, wolfish growl escaping him in his wrath. “Our dear Frederick”, Hannibal replied with pursed lips. Will knew that Chilton would have to die a gruesome death despite Hannibal’s release from prison.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Revenge (Omegaverse VIII)

Chapter Notes

Canon-typical violence

Revenge

“You should have known, Frederick ”, Will hissed at the former psychiatrist with an angry growl in his voice, his eyes flashing menacingly in cold anger. “That anyone who hurts or abuses my family is going to be treated with the same courtesy.”

Chilton, who had been partially paralysed by a drug Will had administered on him, swallowed harshly. “You’re c-c-crazy, Will”, he stammered, when the omega transformed into his dark wolf form, fletching his sharp fangs and raising his claws into the air.

Will circled his victim like a predator, toying with his wounded, frightened prey. The wolf finally approached with slow, menacing steps, causing his victim to sweat and beg for mercy.“Please...no”, Chilton whimpered.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Kill (Omegaverse IX)

Chapter Notes

Cw Blood and Gore

Kill

With a savage and loud wolfish growl he sank his sharp canine teeth into Chilton's body, tearing pieces of muscular flesh out of his chest. Blood poured out of the deep flesh wounds and trickled down onto the plastic foil covering the chair and the ground.

Chilton screamed out loud, in pain while the wolf killed him slowly but in this dark, bleak cellar with thick concrete walls deep below in an abandoned building at the outskirts of a small town in Maryland, no one could hear his desperate yells.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Carnage (Omegaverse X)

Chapter Notes

Cw Blood and Gore

Carnage

Will took his time. Every bite was meant to be a punishment for his abuse. When Chilton stopped yelling and moving in his chair, his body was a bloody, mutilated mess. Will was especially satisfied with the look of horror and fear carved on Chilton's face.

He licked his bloodied and greasy lips in gratification before he dismembered the remains of his body with the bone saw he borrowed from Hannibal and packed it into the cool box. When he was in the car, he started whistling his favourite tune.

#hannibal #prompts #omegaverse

Little Predator (Omegaverse XI)

Little Predator

"Stella, come back here. Or I won't read you any good-night stories", Will hissed with a slight growl, running after her. The tired omega, exhausted from the daily tasks of keeping their daughter at bay was at his limit. He had enormous difficulties to tame their little wild Alpha pup who constantly switched between her human and wolfish form while she was running around in their living room.

Hearing his reprimanding words, she did not obey but merely gave him a cheeky, taunting glance and she unsheathed her tongue, before sinking her sharp teeth into the expensive black leather of the couch, tearing shreds out of it. It must have been the third time this month that she damaged the cover.

Hannibal told him it was fine and a normal step to develop her predator instincts in order to defend herself from other alphas but Will was convinced that it was not a good idea to continue being too compliant concerning her upbringing. But Will knew the fight was pointless as Stella respected Hannibal more than him as he was was an Alpha. And it was in the nature of Alpha kids to bond with their Alpha father's and mothers.

Will sighed, approached her silently and tore her away from the couch. She started crying, whining and kicking him in her tantrum but he would not relent and brought her back into her room with her toys. She continued to cry and Will grew desperate, unable to calm her. Before long he heard the door being unlocked and Will was relieved that Hannibal returned from work.

Always In Control (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

This is a longer drabble. I had the dialogue in mind for days and I just wanted to write it down.

Cw Smut

Always In Control

Will pinned Hannibal down to the mattress with the weight of his body after a short struggle for power. Hannibal lay beneath him in defeat. Yet despite the demise he seemed calm and smooth about it.“I’m going to dick you down”, Will threatened his newly-married husband with a soft purr in his voice. His tongue darted out to lick his lips in a lascivious way and his nose brushed against Hannibal’s before he kissed him.

Hannibal wrinkled his nose at the use of indecent language. “How vulgar”,he remarked in a sardonic tone. "You’re gonna like it when I bend you over the bed, trust me”, Will answered with a playful grin on his face. “You’re going to beg me to fuck you. Can’t wait to hear these obscene words coming out of your sophisticated mouth.”

While opening the buttons of his white shirt tantalisingly slow, Will let go of Hannibal’s wrist for some seconds. This moment sufficed for Hannibal to act and turn the situation to his advantage. Before Will knew what was happening, he found himself lying at the bottom. Hannibal hovered above him like a predator, smirking in triumph at the change of dynamics.

“You always want to be in control.” Will sighed, but the corners of his mouth indicated amusement. "Even during sex.”

"Yes", Hannibal purred and pressed his lips on Will’s for a long, fervent kiss.

Fill me up, Daddy (Omegaverse I)

Chapter Notes

Cw Angst

Shock

When Tobias Budge slinked into the room, a wave of shock spread through his body.The sight of the killer emerging victorious from the fight with Will precipitated a parching ache in his chest.He was overwhelmed with grief, hate and disappointment at the loss.

#hannibal #prompts #season1

Relief (Season 1, Fromage)

Chapter Notes

Angst and Fluff

Relief

Dr. Lecter was sitting on the chair in his office, bloodied, bruised, exhausted, watching in his apathetic state of mind how the officers and Jack Crawford examined the dead bodies of Tobias Budge and Franklyn Froideveaux. When the small spark of hope was about to extinguish in his chest, a familiar, wiry figure with short curly hair, entered the crime scene some minutes after, his worried eyes searching for Hannibal.

Never in his life had Hannibal Lecter experienced such a dramatic rollercoaster ride of emotions. But luckily it came to an end when Will approached him on his chair and dabbed away the dried drops of blood on his chin with gentle hands. Dr. Lecter realized he felt nothing but pure love and admiration for Will Graham and for the first time he nearly regretted his actions to pave the way to bring out the most formidable and resilient killer in him.

#Hannibal #Prompts #Season1

Checkmate (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Cw Drugging

Checkmate

With a swift movement of his hand, Will ended the chess game. A complacent smile embellished his lips."You know what's coming next", Will sneered,after taking a sip from his whiskey. "Hannibal, take off your clothes, fetch your collar and get on your knees."

When Hannibal sensed that tonight's humiliation started with eating the most repulsive fast food Will could find, his wounded pride took over. Retreating into the kitchen to refill the empty glass of Will, he slipped some drops of the sleep-inducing drug into the amber liquid.

#hannibal #prompts

Insecurities (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Cw Vulnerability, Insecurity

Insecurities

Hannibal blushed whenever Will mentioned the topic sex and started talking about something else which was infuriating. It was not the case that Will wished to have sex every minute of the day. But to deepen the physical intimacy would have been a great experience after all their exhausting morbid courting and resulting rejections in the last few years.

When Will picked up Hannibal's tablet as he was about to set the table for dinner, he had a closer look at the currently opened browser tabs. They either showed pictures of men having sex, blog posts about anal sex instructions, kinks or videos of PornHub.

Will was partly a cruel man and had difficulties in suppressing a scornful cackle.Discovering that Hannibal was not perfect and had insecurities like everyone else was a relief. He decided to tell Hannibal it was alright to not be an overachiever in everything.

#Hannibal #Prompts

Mug of Hot Chocolate (Clannigram I)

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I added a little Clannigram. Please don't kill me for this :D

This is also a longer drabble.

Cw Menstruation, Menstruation Pain, Clannigram

Mug of Hot Chocolate (Clannigram)

Clarice put her head into Will's lap and pulled up the blanket up to her chin, curling up in a fetal position and clutching her abdomen. "Can I get you anything to make you feel better?" Will asked her with compassion in his voice, ruffling through her beautiful hair. He understood how bad period cramps were and felt it through his empathy. "A mug of hot chocolate wouldn't be bad", she muttered. Will wanted to get up but she pulled him down. "S'fine", she said. "Just stay here.I can manage." Hannibal who sat in the leather chair, immersed in a book, noticed it of course and walked into the kitchen to make her a fine, hot chocolate with cream and chocolate sprinkles.

When he brought it to her, she smiled and kissed him. "Thank you,Hannibal." "You're welcome, Clarice. It's the least we can do for our goddess." Then he planted a gentle kiss on Will's mouth. Will gave him a genuine smile and continued to pet Clarice. Hannibal returned his smile and retreated to his armchair. He was in the most jovial mood. The teacup that he once shattered had finally come together.

Threesome (Clannigram II)

Chapter Notes

Another Clannigram drabble ;)

Just because I can :D

Cw Smut

Threesome

"Peg him harder, darling “,Will instructed Clarice, whilst leaning against the soft, crimson pillows on their spacious king-size bed.”He likes it rough, you know.”,Will added with a soft chuckle and ruffled gently through the grey loose bangs of his lover.

Hannibal was sucking his cock with the greatest dedication. So eager was he to satisfy his caregiver. His diluted eyes flickered up to Will who gave him an encouraging smile. Hannibal was grateful that his caretaker granted him his orgasm today.

”With pleasure, Daddy“, Clarice replied and hit his prostate with the strap-on dildo now with fast, precise thrusts, eliciting muffled groans and grunts from him until Hannibal twitched, writhed on the bed and enjoyed his sweet release.

#clannigram #prompts #hannigram

Unconventional Therapy Session (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

And another one because I’m having so much fun writing drabbles :D

This is consensual of course ;)

Cw: NSFW

Unconventional Therapy Session

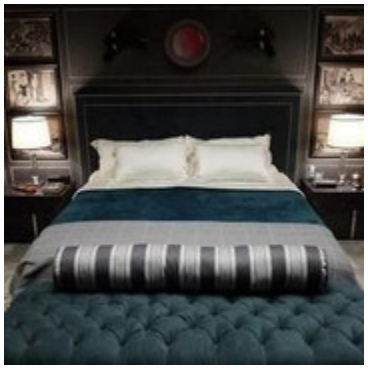
Some situations required the head of the Behavioural Science Unit to be quick on the mark and the expertise of a certain behavioral analyst with the needed skills. That's why Jack Crawford hurried to the lecture hall to fetch Will Graham out of his classroom once more even though he knew Will loathed him for disrupting his lessons. Yet this matter could not wait as another body of the Bay Harbor Butcher, who had stopped killing for a year and now begun again, had been found. He entered the lecture hall but no one was there as it was apparently lunchtime. Jack left the hall and turned around the corner, cursing under his breath, ignoring the suspicious sounds coming from the office as he was mentally focussed on the gruesome murder. "Will, I'm sorry to interrupt you in your preparations, but..." Jack fell silent, dropped the car keys, the case file he was holding and his eyes widened.

Will Graham was bent over the office desk, naked, his eyes closed. He was moaning and grunting, while Dr. Lecter stood behind Will, thrusting into him and slapping his ass with his belt while purring "Good boy." Jack flushed deeply red and so did Will when he noticed his boss had burst into his office, interrupting their kinky sex session. Hannibal pulled out and quickly covered himself. Will started to do the same, avoiding Jack's gaze. "I'm sorry Jack", Dr. Lecter remarked, still panting from the exhausting activities."Some patients require unconventional therapy sessions, I'm afraid", he added with a smug smile curled on his thin lips as Jack still didn't move, too shocked, and dumbstruck, unable to find adequate words. "I'll wait outside", Jack murmured and left the office as quickly as he could.

Forbidden Fruit (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

Cw Teasing, Unresolved Sexual Tension



Forbidden Fruit

Will admired the intimate art gallery Dr.Lecter had created in his home. They strolled along the paintings mounted on the indigo walls in the moody, narrow hallway, Hannibal only a few inches away from Will. The air was so thick with anticipation and tension - it was only a matter of time until the brimming cup spilled. The further they walked down the gallery, the more lascivious and lewd became the paintings of Greek gods, and younglings to Will who had just now realized the ongoing subtle seduction when they reached the end of the corridor, standing before a painting depicting the rape of Ganymede.

Dr. Lecter showing him his most private collection of homoerotic paintings made Will feel awkward yet somewhat aroused. “And what forbidden fruits have you hidden in this room, Dr. Lecter?” Will asked, furrowing his eyebrows, his voice a soft and breathy whisper. There was a daunting urge in him to cup the face with the prominent, beautiful cheekbones into his hands, draw him into a long kiss and take his breath away.

It was an impulse Will shouldn’t yield for the sake of his psychiatrist’s reputation but it had been written in the Bible that Eve succumbed to the red, juicy apple in the garden Eden. “You are my fruit, Will. And this is my bedroom." He replied with a devilish smile. Will’s lips twitched and his cheeks flushed red at the blunt admission."Do you think the fruit is already fit to be eaten, Doctor?” Will taunted. "Oh yes”, the psychiatrist whispered, letting his finger roam across Will’s cheeks and jaw. "It’s perfectly edible.”

Dr.Lecter gently pushed the door open and thus opened the gates that had impeded the flood of undisclosed sexual desires inside both Will and himself for so long.

Wedding (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Summary

Ok, this is a triple drabble 🙃

Sorry for all the sappy, corny stuff recently. It must be the lack of that in real life and listening too much to All I Need by Within Temptation . 😅

Cw: Feminisation

Wedding

A nervous, tense silence filled the church. Everyone was waiting for the bride to enter. Hannibal stood in front of the altar and his eyes were fixed at the magnificent ceiling of the chapel. When the soprano singer started singing the chosen opera aria *The Flower Duet' from Lakmé in* her beautiful, crystal-clear, voluminous yet warm voice, accompanied by the wonderful dark rich mezzo-soprano voice of her duet partner, he turned around at last. Hannibal was unable to stop his hands and legs from trembling. This moment was too emotional even for the usually reserved man with his impeccable mannerism. Jack Crawford's lip twitched as he noticed the agitation of Hannibal and touched his hand to calm him. Hannibal thanked him and took a deep breath.

A murmur went through the crowd as flower petals floated down from the ceiling and created a path of roses for the bride. Hannibal's eyes were gleaming with joy at the stunning sight of his beloved, coming steadily closer."Blimey, Will looks amazing", Bev whispered to Jimmy and Brian whose jaws dropped when Will stepped into the church. Against everyone's expectations he was not wearing a suit but a white, opulent, flowing wedding gown with a long train, carried by the little, excited bride maiden behind him. The long sleeve lace corset of his A-Line dress was beset with scintillating Swarovski diamonds. It left everyone stunned."You look dazzling, mylimasis", Hannibal whispered, removing the bridal veil from his face when Will stood in front of his groom at last and the priest began his speech, prompting everyone to sit down.

Everyone rose up from the pews, cheered and applauded when Hannibal kissed Will on his cherry-red lips and carried him bridal style out of the church. Even Jack Crawford could not suppress one or two tears welling up in his eyes and was truly happy for the new-married couple.

Will Graham’s Father (Season 1 / Season 2 AU)

Chapter Notes

Cw Gun, Threat

Will Graham’s Father

"I don’t have the right to tell you who you should marry, son,” Bill Graham sighed, lowering the old rifle a little as he noticed the pleading look in Will’s blue eyes.The eyes of his wife he missed so much.”But lemme tell you,Doctor, that you’ll pay hell for it if you hurt him again.”

#Hannibal #Prompts #WillGrahamsFather

Sexting Gone Wrong (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

Another long triple drabble 🙃

This has escalated quite quickly. 😅

Cw Smut

Sexting Gone Wrong

Another murder case obligated Will to return to Louisiana where he once grew up. The night progressed slowly and Will was sitting on the king-size bed in his hotel room, not knowing what to do. His phone vibrated and he quickly reached for the phone to read the message on the screen. *"I hope to see you soon, my mongoose. The house feels so empty without you."* A smile tugged on his lips. Hannibal missed him terribly. Will looked through his trolley with clothes as an idea emerged in his brain to ease his pining and to make himself busy. Will undressed, put on his new cream-colored short lace panties, the matching tights he bought yesterday in a shop and took some selfies in lascivious, seductive poses, spreading his legs on the bed like the slut Hannibal wanted him to be. In other pictures he knelt on all fours with his pants halfway pulled down, exposing his butt plug. He ended the photo session by taking a short video showing him masturbating and ejaculating on the bed. When he had finished, he quickly sent Hannibal the pictures with a satisfied smirk on his face while getting comfortable on his bed, enjoying some snacks and beverages brought by the room service.

The phone buzzed and Will flinched. His heart raced in his chest, his hands were shaking in expectation and he wondered what kind of pictures Hannibal would possibly send him back. His face turned white and bright pink in turns when he read the answer. Will dropped the phone on the bed, covered his face with his hands and cursed out loud in embarrassment.

" *Wrong number, Will. I would have expected a little more caution from an FBI agent. What's the matter with you ?Please spare me your display of exhibitionistic behaviour in the future. See you tomorrow at the crime scene again.*

Jack

Car Wash (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

Cw Objectification, Smut

Car Wash

“What have we here. Car wash liquid, polish, a sponge, towels and ..denim hotpants.” Will was utterly bemused and frowned when he had a look at the items Hannibal had handed to him. “Why are you giving me this?” “Consider this the compensation for forgetting my birthday, my boy ”,Hannibal replied with an unbearably smug smirk.

The scales fell from Will’s eyes. “Oh”, Will said and blushed. Hannibal opened the door. The bentley stood in the drive, waiting to be washed and polished. “Would you indulge me please?” “Just because it’s you Hannibal”, Will remarked, his eyebrows raised, yet an amused, wry smile curled on the corners of his mouth.

Will put on the shorts, removed his shirt, tossed it aside and went into the comfortable warmth of the morning sun to clean and wax the Bentley. Watching someone wash his car had never been more arousing and thrilling for Hannibal. He was now enjoying the splendid view on Will’s booty oozing out from his tight shorts,when he was just bending his upper body to clean the wheel rims. While watching him work, one hand slipped beneath the waistband of his cotton linen slacks.

Summer Nights (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

> Yeah, this was born because I totally feel the way right now. I have no partner but I hate the heat so much -.-

Summer Night

Sleeping like spoons was not a particular good idea when you want to catch some sleep in a sultry summer’s night."Hannibal, it’s way too hot to cuddle. I wanna sleep. Move away a bit”, Will suspired,tired and frustrated, as he didn’t detect any indication his husband would relent.

#Hannibal #Prompts

At the Restaurant (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

> I hope you're not tired from this trope, because I just love Hannibal and Will embarrassing themselves in front of Jack.
>
> This said, sorry for not updating more often. I don't have many ideas at the moment 😅
>
> Cw Smut

"Hello, Dr.Lecter. What a surprise to see you here.", Jack greeted him with a tired and genuine smile, reaching out for his hand over the table." What a surprise indeed." Hannibal assessed and gripped his hand before turning to his beautiful wife Bella."It's unusual to see you dining out without Will." She remarked. Her face mirrored confusion and worry when she noticed the empty chair and the untouched cutlery."I hope there are no marital problems ?"

The special agent knitted his eyebrows in irritation when he noticed Hannibal didn't get up to greet him or his wife which was peculiar but refused to comment on it. His lips twisted into a knowing smile when he realised it. Jack did not have to look to know that Will Graham was here, hidden under the table. After the last surprise in his office and the kinky pictures Will

had sent him accidentally, Jack knew of Will's proclivities though he would rather have erased them out of his mind.

Will, who was currently taking care of Hannibal's cock crouched under the table with his hands, tongue and mouth, grinned to himself as he heard the voice of Jack and Bella Crawford above him and strengthened his efforts to bring Hannibal into another awkward position, taking his length deeper in his mouth.

"Everything is fine ", Hannibal assured, trying to suppress a moan or other noises while Will sucked his cock harder and licked around the sensitive glans with his tongue."He is just... otherwise occupied this evening, I'm afraid. He has to grade some papers." He managed to say, trying hard to keep his voice from showing hints of arousal but a delicate flush of red on his cheeks betrayed him to Jack's obvious amusement.

"What a shame", Bella replied and her expression softened. Like her husband she noticed his unusual behaviour but Bella chose to reveal nothing, being the graceful and polite lady she was. "He's like my husband, always busy, never time for anything. Today's an exception." She sighed, turned her head to her husband but Jack looked away with a rather guilty look on his face."But I'm truly relieved to hear that the marriage is working for you."

"So am I, Bella", Hannibal answered, smiling to keep up appearances.

"Give your husband my sincere greetings", Jack remarked, with a barely concealed sardonic undertone in his voice and raised his eyebrows. He put a hand on the waist of his wife and turned to leave and not torture him any longer.

Transgression (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Transgression

There were a lot of things Hannibal found ineffably rude.He merely tolerated Will's deliberate transgressions for the sake of love. But today's destruction of his sacrosanct safe haven had been the cherry on top.

As Hannibal was deprived of his past harsh punishments, he found spanking to be an adequate measure for chastising Will's audacity not to help removing the mess he had produced. He was most annoyed at the discovery that Will dedicated the cake to somebody else.

#Hannibal #Prompts

Chapter End Notes

Cw Spanking, Kink, Punishment

Good Omens Crossover

Chapter Notes

> Back to shorter Twitter prompts. At least today. Strangely enough today was also kind of my Angel/Demons day as I've written another ficlet with Will and Hannibal being angels and demons.

Good Omens Crossover

"This was a close call",Aziraphale remarked in a reprimanding tone to Crowley, giving him a smug sideways look while watching their favourite couple Hannibal and Will finally hug each other.They nuzzled in their embrace before Will pulled Hannibal over the cliff. Crowley smiled.

Aziraphale turned white. "What the-", he spluttered. The demon cackled. "Why can't you let them have a happy ending?" The angel spat out, spread his fluffy wings he had tucked beneath his white suit and rose up into the air. With the use of his magic he ensured they survived.

Sickness (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

Warning

It's about food poisoning and contains vomiting. Don't read if you have issues with food or eating disorders..

Sickness

Repugnant choking noises permeated the bathroom when Will emptied his stomach over the toilet after having refused to dine with his husband and ordered cheap Chinese take-away food instead. Hannibal lingered at the door frame, his eyes ever watchful yet smug as he witnessed the seemingly divine punishment Will had incurred for his audacity to spite him. He chose to hinder priggish words from escaping his mouth.

Instead, he chose to discreetly revel in the fact that Will begrudgingly decided to let Hannibal take care of him afterwards, the food poisoning making him too weak to stand, walk and immensely dehydrated.He especially enjoyed the pleading, remorseful look in the depth of his bluish-green eyes when Hannibal massaged his belly with soft, warm and tender hands or Will pulling him closer when he wanted to get up and fetch something.

However, the most satisfying moment was when Hannibal, about to leave Will to give him the rest he needed to fully recover from the ordeal, perceived a weakly whispered “I’m sorry, Hannibal”, before Will shut his eyelids and fell asleep.

Boat Mechanic AU

Boat Mechanic AU

“Thank you for repairing my yacht”, Hannibal said to the scruffy but charming boat mechanic, licking his lips. “You’re welcome”, the man called Will Graham grunted without looking up.Hannibal smiled and left him a generous tip along with a tiny note.

Later in the evening when Will had finished fixing the engines and was about to leave, he noticed the stack of dollar bills and the little note with the fair handwriting on the table.Will blushed as he opened the folded parchment paper and read the invitation for a trip to the sea.

#hannigram #prompts #hannibal

Vampire

Chapter Notes

> I hope this one doesn't shock you too much. It was written at night when a heavy thunder storm kept me from dozing off. Choose the ending to your liking. I don't wanna add a sappy ending to every story ;)

Accepting Count Graham’s invitation for a shared dinner to thank him for his services as a painter at his castle in Lithuania had been the first grave mistake Hannibal Lecter had committed in his life.

The second mistake was to stroll through the dark, bleak dungeon far below in the depths of the castle late at night when the curiosity about Will Graham’s astonishingly youthful beauty and the rumours about his way of preserving it got the better of him.

Hannibal inspected the black coffin in the cellar with horror and knew the rumors about the count to be true. Bats rushed down from the ceiling, their wings rustling in annoyance, as they were disturbed from their rest in the calm darkness.

When he thought he would better run for his life and never return to the creepy, menacing castle ever again, Hannibal felt ice cold, clammy and pearl white hands gripping his shoulders. Turning around very slowly, unable to breathe, he looked at the bare, sharp fangs of Will Graham who eyed him with desire and hunger.

"It is rude to leave the table of the host without permission”, the count remarked, his blue eyes turning into a blazing, fiery red fire of hell. His fingers gently tucked away the hair and bared the neck of his victim. Hannibal, paralysed in shock, knew in an instant which fate awaited him and hoped the count chose the one to his favor.

Vengeance Ghosts (Post-Mizumono)

Chapter Notes

Warning!

This chapter contains blood, gore, violence and most of all suicide.

Sorry for the lacking smut but I'm not feeling like it.

Vengeance Ghosts

"Did you see their faces?" Abigail laughed, her crimson eyes gleaming with malicious schadenfreude. They swept through the walls of the apartment and gave each other a high five. "Yeah", Will replied with an evil smile. "I bet Hannibal pissed himself." Abigail cackled.

Their little murder spook had been feasibly amusing. The two ghosts had decided to surprise Hannibal, Bedelia and Anthony Dimmond in the middle of their passionate threesome and start making their killer's life as uncomfortable as possible.

Will had reveled in the incredulous, shocked and pained expression in Hannibal's face when he recognized them. Equally exhilarating was the horror in Bedelia' eyes when they made fresh kebab out of poor Anthony,by impaling his body on an assortment of knives, saws and tools.

"What next?" Abigail asked Will as they hovered in the air with crossed legs, invisible again and watched how Hannibal and Bedelia struggled with the events of the evening, drinking lots of wine at the revelation they were being haunted. "I'd say Bedelia's next." Will remarked.

"Let's take everyone away from him, he bonds with.Then haunt him until he loses his marbles and will fall on his knees to make us stop. Hannibal will regret the day he chose to

kill his one and only family." Abigail raised her eyebrows. "Wow. I never knew you were that evil." Will shrugged. "I'm full of surprises, I guess."

They pretended to disappear for a while and give both of them a false level of security. Hannibal believed they would be safe if they changed the place. When they had left the country and moved to a different apartment in Granada, Spain, Will and Abigail struck again. This time, Bedelia was alone in the living room. Hannibal was the first to discover her body, hanging from the ceiling, disembowelled. He looked into Will's eyes. He was infuriated but also scared and partly admiring the cruelty of the ghost.

Both of them continued to make his life hell and followed him from Granada to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, always appearing in front of him when he either gave a lecture at a university or invited people over for dinner.Hannibal, despite his desperate efforts to engage a parapsychologist , could never get rid of the ghosts of his past. One night, he ultimately gave in and fell on his knees. "Will, Abigail, please, stop this." Hannibal sobbed. "I miss you so much and I am terribly sorry. But please stop. Relieve me from this pain."

Will's ice-blue eyes were cold and narrowed but Abigail's eyes mirrored something more like sympathy."If you're truly sorry, you know what you have to do." She said to him, handing him the linoleum knife. Hannibal nodded, took the knife and cut his throat. The ghost's aura changed to an angry, blazing red while they watched how Hannibal struggled, gurgled and spilled out the blood. Satisfied with their works they flew into the darkness of the night.

At midnight, the ghost of Hannibal awoke, abandoned his earthly shell lying on the floor in the crimson sea of blood and soared into the air to join the two souls he had killed in his wrath some time ago.

Too late (Post-Mizumono)

Chapter Notes

Yes, another Mizumono gone wrong prompt 😅

Inspired by this amazing fanart of MayomKun

Twitter: @MayomKun

Too Late

There would have been so many opportunities for Hannibal to confess his love to Will but he had not used a single one of them. Now it was too late and fate had taken the decision out of his hands.

Imagining Will's mutilated, decaying body on the grey, cold autopsy table in his memory palace still broke his heart, even one year after his death.He had expected Will to survive his punishment.The cut had been surgical after all.

But this impulsive decision would haunt him forevermore until the day should he be executed either on the electric chair, by poison or simply perish during his incarceration in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

#Hannibal #Prompts #Mizumono

Sex Accidents (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

After the sad drabbles, my muse sent me some inspiration for something funny ;)

Cw Smut

Sex Accidents

Fate and circumstances had a strange way to mess with Hannibal's and Will's sex life. Five times they had tried to have sex so far after their escape and recovery and each time it ended in disaster.

The first time, Will farted in Hannibal's face when Hannibal was granted access to Will's ass. Will had eaten lots of human meat for dinner, equally misbegotten and off-putting was the fragrance.

The second time when Hannibal had finally managed to achieve an erection by stimulating himself with toys and proudly presented it to his husband, Will was already deep asleep.

The third time when they wanted to have sex in the shower just like the guys in the porn videos, Hannibal broke his right wrist and suffered a mild concussion when he slipped on the wet floor and fell on his back.

The fourth time when they were exploring the world of BDSM together and Hannibal used a flogger for the first time, he accidentally whacked Will across the face.When he wanted to use candle wax on Will's belly, he burned him. Will had been wearing some additional scars on his face and abdomen ever since.

The fifth time they had sex Hannibal accidentally swallowed too much viagra pills, causing his erection to not die down for hours after sex. Will had to head into a public hospital with Hannibal in São Paulo. It was so painful, he had to walk around with an exposed cock.

Checkmate II (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Hello!

Sorry for the break but inspiration left me for quite a while. In fact I still feel a little worn out so Updates follow slowly.

Thanks for your understanding!

Cw Blood, Bruises, Beating

Checkmate II

“Did you drug me last night after I won?”, Will asked his lover with a sceptical expression in his storm blue eyes, knitting his eyebrows. He refused to believe he had lost the chess game and fallen asleep. Hannibal’s face was stoic as ever and his voice smooth when he answered whilst cutting the meat of his latest victim.

“No need for that. Your intake of alcohol was quite sufficient to intoxicate yourself.” While he said these words in his usual self- satisfied manner, a syringe dropped from his pockets to the floor when he wanted to fetch a pan from the drawer below.His face turned pale but he

remained calm, curious about his lover's reaction. Will's eyes were bursting with anger and disappointment. Hell broke loose. Glasses shattered, pans and knives were thrown throughout the kitchen, shoulders were dislocated and blood splattered across the tiles on the floor and the walls.The dogs escaped from the noise, whimpering and yelling.

Even if the fight was nearly over, Will was still angry.At last he lunged at Hannibal with the last bit of his strength left, pulled him to the floor with his weight and pinned him down. Hannibal beamed up at Will with his bloodied mouth, staring into a deep blue ocean of fury. "You are magnificent in your wrath, Will", Hannibal whispered, stroking Will's bruises. The answer was a harsh punch to his cheekbones and Hannibal lost his consciousness, awaking in his bedroom later, his hands tied up to the headboard.

Man Overboard (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

I am currently on vacation at the beach and therefore this drabble was created when I watched the boats passing by :)

Man Overboard

The turquoise, pristine water of the Caribbean sea reflected the golden gleam of the afternoon sun. One kilometre away, in the middle of the ocean, Will and Hannibal were standing at the guardrail of the white, luxurious yacht, with a glass of wine in their hands.

Hannibal had acquired the boat for Will once they arrived in Cuba, knowing perfectly well how much he loved boats. There was barely a sound except for the calling of the sea gulls, the noise of motor boats roaming around in the distance and the raised voice of Will, discussing something with Hannibal, apparently agitated.

"I thought I made it clear that we're staying low profile", Will stated with a cold, reproachful glance."You promised me that you wouldn't kill anyone innocent. There was no need to kill María, you jealous bastard."

Hannibal took a nonchalant sip of the mojito and feigned innocence. "Habits are difficult to change, I guess", he remarked, looking perfectly undisturbed by Will's furious gaze. "To my defence, I disposed of the body parts rather well." Another sip before the glass suddenly dropped to the floor with a loud crash as Will grabbed Hannibal by his collar of his beige cotton linen suit with both hands, pushed him over the guardrail and tossed him overboard, giving his chest a final shove. There was a big splash when Hannibal hit the water.

Will glanced at his partner with contempt and amusement. Some fifty meters away in the distance, the fin of a shark appeared on the surface. Will smirked at the concerned look on the fade of Hannibal who turned around and saw the shark approaching as well.

"Good luck, doctor", Will sneered at the cannibal in the water, struggling to climb up but failed. "I'm curious who will win. The shark or you? Surprise me."

He started the engine of the boat, causing Hannibal to swim away instinctively to avoid being hurt by the boat.

"Will, I'm sorry-,", Hannibal called up to him, but Will just waved back and started the engine of the boat.

"Don't be late for dinner", Will called and steered the boat away, leaving a baffled and angry cannibal in the water behind.

Hannibal watched the sailboat return to the shore with a sigh, while trying to keep perfectly still to not appear as if he was prey to the sharks.

Love was a cruel thing, he mused. He was in love with the dark side of Will, but sometimes he would love to cut it out of his heart and make tartar of Will's brain when he behaved like that.

Going To The Beach (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Another vacation-inspired drabble/ficlet. I'll never tire of them as I am in love with the water ❤️

Cw Smut

Going To The Beach

A shudder ran down Hannibal's spine when Will's hands touched his back for the first time and gently massaged in the sun screen lotion with round movements. He closed his eyes and cherished the sensation of his cool hands on his skin. Will's hands were surprisingly gentle, something Hannibal had not expected. Maybe, he pondered, that was part of Will's plan. He realized it when his cock started to twitch in interest as Will's hands wandered down his vertebrae until they rested on his hips, carefully rubbing in the lotion - more sensual than usual. He suppressed a frustrated moan when Will's hands left his body.

"There you are ", Will said with a purr, retreating to the table, fetching the beach towels and his flip flops, ready to leave for the beach. He turned around, on purpose it seemed to show off his flat booty accentuated by the tight navy blue swimming trunks. Hannibal had to take in deep breaths but it was in vain. His cock was erect, clearly visible in his very tight black bathing trunks, unyielding.He wrinkled his forehead as he realised that this was what Will wanted to achieve after all. Humiliation in public. Will cast an amused sideways glance at his crotch and raised his eyebrows."Perfect.Let's go to the beach", Will said with a wide, mischievous smile.

"You want me to go out like that?" Hannibal asked, his face running hot,.

"Oh yes, baby", Will answered with a grin. "That's exactly how I want you outside. Let them see how horny you are for me", he purred in his irresistible soft voice and with pleading puppy eyes.

He reached out for Hannibal's hand dragging him out of the door of their beach house.

At the beach, people stared openly at Hannibal's bulge and mothers quickly pulled their children away, pressing hands over their eyes, flinging disapproving glances at Hannibal. Hannibal's cheeks burned in embarrassment and he observed how Will gloated in that when he watched him, laughing to himself while Hannibal quickly placed his hands in front of his crotch before walking towards the calm, deep blue ocean with quick steps to avoid the unpleasant feeling of the hot sand grains burning the soles of his feet.

"This is my design", Will whispered into Hannibal's ear and he slipped his hands under the waistband of his black trunks under water, gently pulling them down and squeezing his cock once or twice - a tease - before he swam away from Hannibal.

"Your design is cruel", Hannibal gave back, following Will with the quick , graceful movements of a skilled swimmer before he caught up with him. He planted a salty kiss on Will's lips, before straddling his legs and sitting on the lap of Will, clinging to him, while the small waves of the crystal clear ocean crashes against their backs.

Knifeplay (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

Cw Knifeplay

Knifeplay

Hannibal is astounded when Will suggests to try out something new in bed to spice up their sex life and eyes the knife with curiosity and amusement. “I didn’t know you were familiar with knifeplay,Will.”

Will scoffs. "Hannibal, my job is to deal with the non-consensual version all the time.” He smirks at his partner spread out beneath him on the sheets while he toys with the cold steel blade in his hands.

Hannibal frowns. He looks at Will in bemusement from the mattress below. His eyes follow Will’s finger gently stroking along the knife.

Will returns his baffled gaze with a sigh before he holds the knife a few inches away from his throat. “I meant stabbing, you idiot.”

Cascades of Lust (Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

Inspired by this amazing fanart of Callmenephila onTwitter
Twitter: @Callmenephilia

Cw Smut

Cascades of Lust

Pleasure filled his entire being as Hannibal entered him with a steady and tentative push, giving Will time to adjust to this unwonted feeling. Will drowned in maddening cascades of lust as Hannibal accelerated his thrusts.All of his doubts about anal sex dissipated into thin air.

Good Morning

Chapter Notes

Cw Smut

Good Morning

Will wakes up to the pleasant sensation of a hot wet tongue licking the head of his cock. Lecherous whimpers escape from his lips as Hannibal takes his cock deep into his mouth, bobbing his head up and down. ”Good morning”, Will grunts and pulls at the bangs of ash blonde hair.

Wrong Address

Chapter Notes

Cw Smut

Wrong Address

"Oh“, Will uttered out loud in embarrassment when the door of the apartment opened and a man appeared on the threshold instead of Beverly. The man with the grey bangs hanging loosely in his face and the mesmerizing dark eyes observed him warily while waiting for an apology or an explanation.

”Oh“, he said again, unable to form a word of greater complexity, his cheeks painted with a nice shade of red, his eyes widening as he recognized the man as his professor, Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

"Mr. Graham“, his professor finally greeted him with a faint smirk tugging on his lips and curiosity in his eyes. "Did you have such an urgent question on your mind that had prompted you to come here at these hours?” Dr. Lecter asked, not entirely serious, his voice a seducing purr.

Will remained mute before he managed to say “I need some..other advice from you”, in a breathy voice, his heart pounding fast.

“Come in then”, he prompted him. “It would be impolite to discuss it with you standing outside in the cold.” The rain set in and Will was already halfway drenched.

Later he was not able to produce another coherent sentence in the next few hours while Dr. Lecter gave him a private lesson in a subject exclusively tailored to his needs in his bedroom, producing wanton sounds escaping his mouth and leaving him begging for more.

Beverly was grinning to herself all day long, even when she, Brian and Jimmy earned some disapproving glances and a frosty attitude from Will during and after the classes for giving him the wrong address and sending him off to Professor Lecter’s home.

She enjoyed the sight of a disheveled, tired Will and the bite marks on his neck way too much, knowing that deep down Will would be grateful for the intervention. In fact the other students were relieved, too, that the unresolved sexual tension had been finally resolved so that the lectures could go on unhindered by the flirtations.

#hannigram #prompts #collegeau

No Kisses Needed (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Cw Touch Aversion

No Kisses Needed

Hannibal sensed the distress Will was battling with almost immediately. After all these years they had spent together in their fervid cat-and mouse-game, they were attuned to each other in every way.

No words were required to tell what bothered his beloved. It was almost a telepathic connection of their minds. He could see the heavy cloud on his mind from Will‘s tensing shoulders, the flat breathing and the clenching of his jaw alone.

Will was not comfortable kissing him and maybe would never be. But that was not the ending of the world for Hannibal as long as Will stayed by his side. True love could and would never be limited to physical touches and kisses.

Withdrawing his face to give him space to breathe and relax again, he then placed his right hand on Will‘s shoulder. Will‘s confusion was expressed by a blink of his eyes and the furrowing of his eyebrows.

“You don’t mind if we don’t get....physical?” Will asked in a hushed voice, while reading Hannibal’s face, still harboring doubts.

Hannibal let go of his shoulder and squeezed his hand between his own to reassure him he wouldn't need to worry. "It‘s fine, Will.We don’t need to. Kisses are not even enough to show how much I love you.”

And it was fine. There was no need to show the world how much they loved each other by shoving their tongues into their mouths. They ignored the people on their wedding telling them to kiss already, secretly inserting them into future recipes.

It was the little things that made them happy. Going to the opera, having philosophical discussions while sipping wine or simply watching a movie together when the storm outside howled and raged. Cooking ambitious meals together, hands occasionally touching and entwining when Hannibal taught him to cut the meat in the right way while standing behind him.

There was no need to show or prove anything to anyone nor themselves. They knew and it sufficed.

Relationship Advice (Killing Eve Crossover)

Relationship Advice

Will nearly burst out in sneering,cynical laughter when Hannibal told the baffled and dispirited Villanelle, whose face was a little puffed up and the eyes red-rimmed from all the crying, that open, direct communication and maintaining boundaries were the keys to a successful relationship if she wanted to keep Eve close in the near future. Villanelle was sitting next to the hospital bed of Even who was still unconscious after the performed surgery on her abdomen . It had been a nearly fatal bullet wound, Hannibal knew from his own experience. He was standing beside her, squeezing her shoulder, a comforting gesture.

"Really, Hannibal?" Will commented with a raised eyebrow, his lips trembling in cynical amusement. He withstood the temptation to give in to the outburst of laughter for Eve's and Villanelle's sake. "You really think that you are in the position to give relationship advice now? You of all people?" Hannibal eyed him with a frown, turning away from the sobbing Villanelle for a moment. "Yes, why not? We are setting a good example now , don't you think?"

"It took us seven years until we got to this point, Hannibal ", Will gave back.

"It took you seven years to acknowledge your love for me. I was always ready", Hannibal corrected him.

Will scoffed, shook his head at his distortion of the truth and sat down on the plastic chair, sighing, not wanting to stretch this absurd discussion into a heated argument, dragging

another psychopath into their own issues. Hannibal's habit of twisting the truth to his advantage would never change.

"Do you want to hear my advice, Oksana ?" Will asked her.

She peeked up at him through her hands hiding her face, her tear-stained eyes widening in mocking surprise."Oh, you can actually talk to me and not only behind my back. Can't wait what you have to say!", Villanelle replied with a hint of biting sarcasm and annoyance at being belittled in her voice, removing her hands from her face. It was now Hannibal's turn to appear as if he wanted to break into laughter anytime but he was more self-composed in front of his acquaintance than Will and he merely curled his lips into an amused smile.

Will sighed.

"Yes, I didn't want to interrupt him, that would be considered..rude. I only want to share with you what happened to me. I might as well be silent as a grave now." He was a little annoyed at her ungrateful behaviour.

"Go on", Villanelle demanded, pulling her lips into a pout. "Now I'm curious." She leaned back and crossed her legs.

Will seemed unperturbed by her manipulation but he chuckled. "Well..if you are serious about this, just don't lie to her, drug her, frame her for murder or try cutting up her head", Will advised her, hurling a satisfied glance back at Hannibal who pursed his thin lips, yet keeping his face stoic. Will was able to read the subtle changes in his expressions like no other and enjoyed what his reminder had caused. He smirked at his husband in victory.

Villanelle pulled her face into a disgusted grimace when she discerned what Hannibal had done to Will. "No", she retorted decisively, looking from one to another. "I'm not as crazy and stupid as you."

Other Means Than Violence (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Cw Manipulation

Other Means Than Violence

Hannibal hitches his breath as Will’s luring, pink lips draw closer and his hands grab his waist. He leans back against the stainless steel counter, his eyes fixed on Will’s mouth. The chopped liver in the pan need tending to but he doesn’t care.

He is more than ready. He has always been.The stubble grazes his chin and he moans. It finally happens. His body and limbs convulse as the spark of electricity jolts through him. Just as he leans into the kiss, wanting more of the splendid, sweet taste of his beloved Will..

Will pulls back. Whines and yelps fill the room all of a sudden and Hannibal, aghast, shifts his gaze to the gap of the kitchen door. He catches a glimpse of three black small puppies running around outside. “There are means other than violence”, Will purrs into his ear. "Chiyoh taught me.“

"Fascinating“, Hannibal answers in a cool tone and quickly turns around to face the stove again, ignoring Will. To his dismay the pieces of liver have burned and turned black. A sigh of frustration leaves his mouth. Sometimes he regrets that Will has so much power over him.

Phone Conversation (Post-Fall)

Phone Conversation (Post-Fall)

H:You are the brightest star in the sky, you are the centre of my universe. There are no words to describe the emptiness I feel when you are not by my side. Please don't leave me.

W: For god's sake, Hannibal, I've only gone into the kitchen.

Distracted(Season 1 AU)

Chapter Notes

Cw Smut

“Are you okay, Will?” Jack asks, as Will presses himself against the yellowish wall next to the board with the photos of the abducted victims, tensing his whole body. “Yeah,just go on ”, Will replies with a forced smile. Luckily the chattering of Brian, Jimmy and Beverly drowns the vibration of the butt plug in his ass.

Christmas cookies (Omegaverse XII)

Chapter Notes

I just made a batch of Christmas cookies called Vanillekipferl (see picture). This is what my brain created during baking :)

Cw Mpreg, Omegaverse

Hannibal puts every single of the freshly- baked, sugar-coated vanilla Christmas cookies formed in the shape of a crescent moon on a tray to let them cool off.The omega purrs and lets out a pleased whine as he smells the musky, woody scent of his mate Will wafting through the kitchen. He is relieved to see him in full health and unscathed from the daily hunt for the wanted Alpha killer with Jack Crawford. ”You really are a perfect housewife, Hannibal”, Will grins against his neck, snatching a cookie from the tray, then wrapping an arm around the curve of his swollen belly from behind, feeling his unborn pup kick and move under his hand.

Aftershave (Season 2 AU)

Chapter Notes

Inspired by a fanart made by the awesome and incredibly gifted artist Clovertea

Aftershave

"Why do I love this fuckin' stupid cannibal so much?"Will thinks to himself, while Hannibal keeps nuzzling in the crook of his neck, enjoying the refreshing scent of the new aftershave, which Will had reluctantly started using recently after weeks of persuasion, lingering on his skin. But apparently he had said this out loud. Will's cheeks grew hot when he noticed. "I could hear what you were thinking, Will",Hannibal smirks, then sinks his teeth into his skin to leave a small bite mark. "I am glad you finally relented. You're delectable", Hannibal purrs, licking along his stubbles now. Will merely sighs and grumbles something under his breath.

The Impatient God (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Cw Smut

Hannibal peppered Will's naked, sweaty, tanned body spread out before him on the sheets like a deity with ardent kisses. In between the gentle and reverend exploration of his human canvas, he found himself unable to stop expressing his sincere and ardent admiration. Will grew impatient as Hannibal kept on babbling and praising him instead of focusing on the task ahead. The toleration of Hannibal's God was on the brink of running short. All Will yearned for was a gratifying blow job after the last kill. "Your fury tonight was terrific to behold, Will", Hannibal stated, while his fingers stroked along the firm flesh of his thighs, his mouth resting inches above Will's bulging cock. In anticipation of the bliss Hannibal's mouth would bring to him, Will shut his eyes, but Hannibal went on."I am so proud to see how your design evolves." "Could you just shut up and blow me already?" Will hissed, opening his eyes and shooting him a meaningful look. Hannibal sulked, his lips curling up in dissatisfaction at being interrupted in his worship. He fell silent but did as he was told to satisfy the need of his God.

Cold Feet (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

I know I didn't want to continue this but as I can't continue my other stories I spontaneously came up with this to fight writer's block.

Cold Feet

Hannibal jumped in bed when Will's foot, as cold as the ice in his fridge, brushed against his thigh. Looking down he noticed that Will did not wear any socks at all counter their agreement the day before. Hannibal grabbed the duvet to calm down. The temptation to murder Will after all was too inviting. But Hannibal knew he couldn't and wouldn't. What point would there be after all the struggles and drama they had gone through together? There was none. Trying to fall asleep again, Hannibal closed his eyes once more, only to flinch a second time as Will's frigid sole of foot rested on his butt. Annoyed, Hannibal rolled around to scold him. He watched him and his anger abated a little at the sight of his beloved lying next to him. With his pale, marble-like face, embellished by his unruly, rebellious curls, Will looked like a sleeping angel painted by the renaissance painters of old. He seemed to be deeply asleep but Hannibal knew he wasn't. "I know you're awake. It would be great if you could finally familiarise yourself with the concept of wearing socks", Hannibal told Will. Will's answer was merely a particular loud snore accompanied by a smirk on his lips.

Nightmares (Post-Fall)

Chapter Summary

> Will has nightmares and dreams about losing Hannibal. Hannibal is there to comfort him.

Chapter Notes

> I can't sleep...as I don't get on with my other stories, I wrote this to help me through the night.
>
> Cw Nightmares, PTSD

"Please..no...no, don't kill him!" Hannibal woke up from the pitiful whimpering and the abrupt jerking next to him which shattered his heart into a thousand pieces. Will must have another nightmare just like in the other nights. He crouched closer and cuddled up to Will, putting one arm around his waist. "Will", Hannibal spoke gently into his ear, as Will still shook and sobbed. "I am here." He tugged some streaks of his curls behind his ear and kissed his cheek. "It is 1:33 AM, we are in Havana and we are alive." Will slowly tilted his head to him, his eyes red-rimmed from crying.

Hannibal wiped his tears away, then planted the most tender kiss on his eyelids, tasting the salt of his tears. "Breathe, Will", he urged him to and petted his cheeks. Slowly, Will's breathing stabilised but he still appeared to be upset. "What were you dreaming?" Hannibal asked him, continuing to pepper gentle kisses on his face, secretly knowing the answer.

Will exhaled sharply. "Was it a different nightmare?" "No. The same dream. Jack took you away from me again", Will's voice was shaking as he told him that. "They discovered us here..and shot you." He began to sob again at the idea. "Jack's not going to shoot you or me", Hannibal assured him. "That's not going to happen." A little silence fell between them, in which Hannibal considered his next words.

"I promise", he whispered into his ear. "And I'll always keep my promises." He brushed his fingers tenderly over Will's face, contemplating on how to help him through the night again. "Turn around, please", he said. Will hesitated first. "I want to try something."With a grunt signalling reluctance, Will moved in bed and turned around. "Put your head on my chest." Will did as he was told. Hannibal's heart pounded steadily. It was soothing to hear the constant beat.

“It is something mothers do to calm their children”, Hannibal told him, petting his hair gently and burying his nose into his unruly hair. Will only listened half-heartedly, focusing on the heartbeat instead just like when they were standing at the eroded bluff. “A primal instinct.” Then, a little bit quieter. “I love you, mylimasis. They won’t separate us. Never.” But Will had drifted away again and didn’t hear his confession. Hannibal smiled as the snores grew louder. He held him in his arms through the whole night.

Whiskey Bottom Will (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Based on Bryan’s prompt I read on Twitter:

".... you may wonder how many whiskeys it takes for Will to raise his ankles up into the air?"

Cw Internalised homophobia, Smut

I'm straight, Will told himself when his eyes flickered to the silhouette of Hannibal's body in the shower through the cleavage of the door. But his dick in his trousers twitched. Fuck. He returned to the leather armchair in the corner of the vast bedroom and poured himself a a a glass of whiskey with the bottle that he had fetched earlier from the liquor cabinet. He gripped the tumbler with whiskey in his hand even harder and led the glass slowly his mouth.

But he wasn't sure what he intended with drinking whiskey. To lower his inhibitions or keep Hannibal away out of politeness? Or to drink the conscience away that poked him because he chose to run away with a serial killer and abandon his wife? He didn't know.

Will downed the second glass of whiskey when Hannibal returned from the shower, his body wrapped in a grey towel, the dampness still clinging to him. But oh, the body...that broad chest with the defined pectorals. And the lovely love handles which made him want to squeeze them.

No, that was not right. They were...*close friends* or *nakama* as Chiyoh had phrased it, weren't they? Besides, he was still married to Molly...*officially*. And he had never been attracted to a man before. No, he was heterosexual.

Will filled the third glass with the amber liquid.Then a fourth one before the dizziness of the alcohol slowly crept up to within him and the pleasant, well-known warmth spread through his body. With each minute spent looking at Hannibal’s splendid backside, it became harder to suppress the wanting, aching coiled up in his chest and the impulse to do something stupid.

Hannibal dropped the grey towel slowly to the floor as if he was aware of the inner conflict Will was fighting with right now. But no one knew Will better than him. He pulled out the crimson red pajama from the wardrobe and placed it on the bed without looking at Will. Only the curled up corners of his mouth hunted amusement.

Will poured himself his fifth glass of whiskey and pretended he didn't hear the subtle, disapproving grunt coming off Hannibal.

When the sixth glass went down his throat, Will couldn't hold it back anymore. Fuck, fuck, he thought to himself, what are you doing. Stop.

He stood up from the chair, walked back from the shadowy corner where he had lingered and watched Hannibal secretly. He tore his own clothes from his body, sneaked up to him, swaying a little on his legs and nearly falling onto the bed. Hannibal who was putting on his pajama tensed up as he sensed Will's presence behind him and smelled the stench of Bourbon.

"Will, you're inebriated", Hannibal remarked but held his breath as Will nuzzled in the crook of his neck, placed his arms around his waist, and grabbed his love handles. "I don't think it's appropriate to take advantage of that."

Will snorted. "Since when did consent matter to you, Doctor? You have drugged me quite a few times. That was shockingly rude all the time."

Hannibal tilted his head over his shoulder, considering the offer.

"You will regret this in the morning."

"No.Come on", Will drawled, his voice a soft, irresistible purr. "You always wanted to fuck me. Now here's your opportunity."

Hannibal hesitated a moment. Will nearly turned away in disappointment. He was caught in surprise and grunted as Hannibal gripped him with his lean yet well-trained arms, pushed him to the bed and forced him to lie down and spread his legs for him.

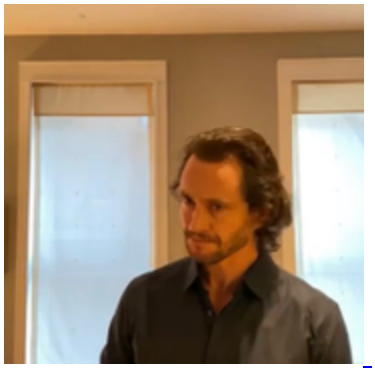
He hovered above Will now who lay helplessly beneath him with his legs straddled. The mask of politeness and gentleness slipped away once more and the true identity of the Chesapeake Ripper shone through as he began to devour the delicacies of Will's pliant and willing body.

It had taken six glasses of whiskey for Will to lift his ankles into the air and admit he was not so straight after all.

Mail Man (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

NSFW, Implied Spanking, BDSM



Mail Man

"Hannibal, you promised me not to murder the mail man", Will hissed. Will's eyes had a dangerous, murderous glint in them. Fury at Hannibal's recklessness bubbled up within him. He removed the black leather belt from his trousers and approached his partner with bossy steps, cornering Hannibal until the older man fell on the bed.

"Pants off.You're going to regret this once I'm done with you." Hannibal merely smirked at him and laid down on the bed, his ass exposed.He liked where this evening was going, even though Will would be merciless. Witnessing Will's divine wrath was always a wonderful experience.

Adam Towers x Nigel Ibanescu (HEU, Omegaverse)

Chapter Notes

Omegaverse , NSFW, True Mates, Dub Con

Adam Towers x Nigel Ibanescu

“But, Nigel, damn it, I have an interview tomorrow, it’s important for my research”, Adam protested weakly as Nigel undressed him with quick hands. He really had no time for going through the heat and rut with his true mate he just met, but his resistance was waning. Slick formed in his ass and ran down his thighs when he took in the sight of the well-trained and tattooed body of Nigel.The alpha’s eyes glinted red as he pressed the omega to the bed and worked him open with two fingers. “Yeah? I’m afraid you have some important interviews with my dick in the coming days first”, he growled with a smirk, then fucked his ass hard, rendering Adam a whimpering mess, incapable of uttering a coherent sentence. Of course, he missed his interview the next morning.

Total Eclipse Of The Heart (Post-Fall)

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal dance to Bonnie Tyler's legendary "Total Eclipse of my Heart."

Chapter Notes

Fluff, Sappy, Ficlet, Mention of Sex, Songfic

Inspired by Bonnie Tyler - Total Eclipse Of The Heart

It's a cold winter night somewhere in the wilderness of Finland. Will and Hannibal have been living as hermits in a self-sustaining environment for the last two years. The fire crackles in the fireplace of the cabin and illuminates the room with orange-yellow light. Their adopted mutt, Encephalitis lies on the dog pillow, napping. The two men are immersed in their evening lecture. Will reads a crime novel written by a Finnish author and Hannibal stimulates his mind with *Shakespeare.*

Will drifts off, forgets what he has been reading and looks up. It has started snowing outdoors. The wind rattles at the windows. He doesn't really care. At one point, he can't concentrate on his book anymore. A melody of an old ballad is stuck in his brain. Will feels like doing something else now instead of reading unrealistic crime reconstruction and making fun of it. He feels like spending more intimate time with his lover. Hannibal looks up to Will through his grey-rimmed reading glasses. "Is something wrong, mylimasis ?" Will just shakes his head and walks to their hi-fi unit, takes the tablet connected with it and searches on a song going through his head. He swipes through the song list on the tablet, chooses the title "*Total Eclipse Of The Heart"* by Bonnie Tyler, confirms his choice then puts the tablet aside. Will returns to Hannibal who looks a little baffled and frowns at him.

Will smiles at him and holds out his hand to Hannibal. "May I have this dance?"He asks with a wide, charming smile. Hannibal places his grey-rimmed glasses down and nods. How can he say no to his lover when he gives him that kind of smile? The older man places his book and glasses on the small mahogany table next to him and entwines his fingers with Will's. Will leads him to the space in front of the fireplace. The heat of the fire brushes against their legs. Will holds on tight to Hannibal, his hands digging into his woollen, light brown sweater, as they move to the slow rhythm, melancholic beginning ("*Turn around, every now and then I get a little bit helpless and I'm lying like a child in your arms)* and buries his head into the crook of Hannibal's neck. Hannibal's outgrown beard rubs against his cheek.

Tears run down his face. Will is so vulnerable that he can't face Hannibal. His lover only smiles as he hears his sobbing and sways him in his arm while rubbing Will's back. Eventually Will looks up and finds tears glistening in Hannibal's eyes as well. Hannibal wipes Will's years away and draws him into a fiery, hot kiss as Bonnie Tyler shouts "*I really need you tonight. Forever's gonna start tonight. Forever's gonna start tonight."*

When the vocals fade and the last note of the piano in the song resounds in the room, Will pulls Hannibal to the ground with him, straddles his hips, tears at his clothes until he is fully naked. Hannibal groans as Will grinds against him. They consummate their love in front of their dog Encephalitis, enveloped by the heat of the fire burning in the fireplace.

Stolen Cookies (Little Will, Daddy Hannibal)

Chapter Notes

Tw: Unintended Food Shaming

Tags: Little Will, Daddy Hannibal, Fluff

I have a history of internalised food shaming and self- blame, so this came through, probably.

Hannibal smelled the betrayal when Will stepped into the kitchen,laid his arm around Hannibal's waist and pressed a kiss to his cheek.Will smelled of triple chocolate chip and peanut butter cookies.The same cookies that he had made as Will's reward for his good behaviour as Little.Hannibal continued to chop the thick leek on the cutting board. The knife made a soft *clunk* as he cut through the vegetable.

"Evenin', daddy," Will purred into his ear, the southern drawl rolling seductively from his lips.

"Hello,my dear boy," Hannibal answered. He placed his knife down and turned around to face his lover.

His thin eyebrows shot up and he gave Will a reproachful look. He refused a kiss that Will wanted to plant on his lips.

Will shot him a confused glance. "Is there something wrong?"

Hannibal freed himself of Will's arms and walked over to the cookie jar which had been put back into the shelf, even though it was empty.A dozen crumbles surrounded the jar. He whirled around to show it to Will.

The younger man feigned an innocent look as Hannibal confronted him with the jar.

"Will, did you eat all of the cookies in the last three days?" Hannibal asked calmly. "You consumed approximately ten thousands of calories and a deadly amount of sugar!"

Will,slipping into his Little mode, put his lips into a pout."Didn't eat them, Daddy," he said, a mischievous grin playing around his mouth."Twas Mr. Bear."

Hannibal sighed and relaxed his shoulders. He approached his Little again."Daddy doesn't like it when my boy lies to me," he said coolly.

Seeing Hannibal's icy, disapproving look and hearing him talk in such a way, tears formed in Will's eyes and he began to sob. Hannibal immediately returned to his side to comfort him.“m sorry, Daddy,” Will said, his voice shaking. “T-The week has been so rough and the c-case is still not o-over. And y-you have been on that trip, so I n-needed them. Am I too fat?”

“I'm terribly sorry, Will,” he said, his heart sinking. No psychiatrist or Daddy would say things like that.This was harmful.“I failed you. Shouldn't have said that. No, you're not too fat.”

Hannibal scolded himself for neglecting Will this week once again. Leaving without him had proved to be a fatal error. He swore to himself that he would become a better Daddy.

He held Will tightly to his chest and stroked his back, waiting until Will's sobbing abated and his blue-green eyes peeked up at him again, when he felt it was safe to do so.

“We can bake a patch of fresh cookies later,” Hannibal assured him in a gentle tone, and wiped away the tears of his face.

Will disentangled himself from Hannibal's arms. A cheerful look popped up on his face and chased away the sadness. “I'd love that, Daddy.“

A heavy weight plunged off Hannibal‘s shoulders.

“I have to finish dinner. Can you be a Big Boy alone and put on your clothes and fetch your toys and crayons?”

Will bobbed his head curtly.

“Then off you go.”

When dinner was finished and eaten, Hannibal and Will made two trays of giant peanut butter cookies with chocolate drops.

“I promise not to lie to you again, Daddy,” Will announced as he watched Hannibal fetch them out of the oven. “I'm going to be a good boy. Promise.”

Hannibal put the tray down on the counter and ruffled his hand through his chestnut curls.“And I promise to not go on another trip without you or shame you for eating them.” He kissed Will's lips.“Never ever again.”

Sunset in Cuba (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

CW: NSFW

The sun dips the sky in an ardent orange-red glow. Hannibal and Will are involved in passionate carnal activities on their veranda of their beach house. Will sits on Hannibal's lap, riding his cock in a gentle rhythm. Occasionally, he puts his head into his neck and moans lewdly as Hannibal makes a sharp thrust against his prostate. Just when the sun disappears on the horizon, Will pulls Hannibal against his wet chest, fists his grey-blonde hair and whispers "I love you" into Hannibal's ear before their lips meet in a fiery kiss. Too overwhelmed, Hannibal can't even formulate his answer. He groans and grunts as the climax seizes him. Will leaves red marks on Hannibal's muscular, scarred back as he comes.

A Letter to Jack and Clarice (Post-Fall)

Chapter Notes

Tags: TSOTL Elements, Crack, Funny, Mention of BDSM and Kinks, Murder Husbands on the Run

The POV is a bit of a mess but I hope you like it anyway :)

Hello Jack. How are you? We're doing very well as you might deduce from the photo itself.The sun in Havana gave us a nice tan and put us in the most elated mood. Have you found our latest video tape yet? I hope you like the recordings. It's a best of, actually. Puppy play is fun. I love being Hannibal's owner. He looks so good when he licks up the food from the bowls and crouches on all fours through the house just because I say so. You know what? I've never known myself to be so kinky until I met Hannibal.

There are lots of kinks for me (Will) to explore as the possibilities are endless. Hannibal is a great submissive, albeit bratty and craving punishment. He always has been into bondage,but I've never been that receptive to his ideas of kink, unfortunately. That's in the past now. I have seen that I was wrong all those years. If you're still harbouring doubts about my well-being,how about meeting up for dinner? We would love to have you as a guest of honour again. Perhaps Hannibal can show you how much the relationship has improved and who calls the shots here now.

Oh, and how about my latest tableau of Buffalo Bill? I still have to learn a lot about the proper art of dismemberment, removal of organs and arrangement of limbs. But Hannibal is a great source of knowledge, really. Please give my greetings to Zeller and Price. Maybe they can rate my design?

Clarice, if you read this - we know you probably do- we hope the lambs have finally stopped screaming. Congratulations on solving the case but don't be sad about getting to the crime scene a tad too late. I once was an experienced agent and the empathy helps. We understand your anger at the mutilation.But please don't scramble privately after us like Jack is about to do. We would like to preserve a world with you and Ardelia in it.

Will & Hannibal Graham-Lecter

Bad Mood (Post-Fall)

Chapter Summary

Hannibal is in a really bad mood when he comes home from St. Maarten and doesn't appreciate what Will's adopted dog Dante does to his home at all.

Chapter Notes

Tags: Post-Fall, Hannibal S4 Fantasy, Oneshot, Ficlet, Murder Husbands, Hannibal In Bad Mood, Grumpy Hannibal, Domestic Quarrel, Choking, Fighting, Reconciliation, Fluff, Light Sexual Content

I have never had a dog as you can read 😅
Probably not realistic behaviour as in all of my fics

Hannibal walked back and forth from the medium-size yacht anchoring at their private port to unload the groceries he had bought at the farmers market and the grocery stores on St Maarten, which was a boat trip of half an hour away from their small, idyllic island. The sun had been shining down without mercy. Hannibal's neck was burned and the white shirt clung to his skin, a shower was overdue. The trip had lasted longer than expected as he had faced some rude people on the other island, wanting to climb on his yacht when he came back. That and the exhaustion from the heat and his old wounds got to him. For a reason he could not discern he was in a grumpy mood. Maybe it was the lack of hunting and the boredom of domesticity. Because of Will they had stayed low.

As soon as he dragged himself up the stairs, with palms and marble statues lined up on each side, had unlocked and opened the door, he froze in shock as he noticed the mess on the floor in the spacious anteroom. His favorite marble and glass statues, some rarities, which he had

acquired from an auction, lay broken on the ground. Shards were scattered over the floor. Dirty paw footprints were everywhere and piss stains graced the carpet. The pungent smell stuck in his sensitive nostrils. Hannibal gritted his teeth in anger. He didn't hate Will's love for strays but he wasn't too fond of a puppy ruining everything.The sound of barking, whining and Will's raised voice greeted him.

Hannibal went outside once more, fetched the cool boxes and groceries to get them out of the blazing sun, as they were still at the threshold, then proceeded through the living room to see Will fighting to get his stray under his thumb. The black mutt had his favourite black Armani wallet in his mouth and chewed at it. "Dante, no, give it back," Will said loudly but she wouldn't listen and kept chewing on it.

Noticing the arrival of his partner, Will tilted his head towards him. "Hi, Hannibal," Will greeted him sweetly, having no idea about Hannibal's sour mood that could be deadly. "How was your trip?" "Exhausting. It was quite arduous as a matter of fact," Hannibal answered curtly, crossing his arms over his chest. "Tell me, Will, did your new stray cause all the mess in the anteroom?"Will didn't look particularly guilty or defensive. "I'm afraid she did, Hanni", he said casually. He finally tore the damaged purse out of your mouth. "Sit," he ordered her. Dante just barked and ran off instead, knocking off a plant. Hannibal's face turned to stone. Will still pretended everything was fine and not a big issue. Fury spread through every part of Hannibal's body. Enough was enough.

"Well?" He asked Will reproachfully, putting his hands on his hips.

"Well what? Hannibal,she's just a dog. She needs some training but we will get there." Hannibal flung Will an angry stare."That's rude, Will. I could kill you for this transgression alone!" Will's sea-blue eyes flashed up in anger. He stood up, straightening his body to fill height. Enangered he approached Hannibal. "Yeah? So you decided to eat me after all? Try me. You would cry like a baby once I was gone."

Hannibal grabbed Will by his collar and slammed him to the wall, closing his hands around Will's throat. Will pulled and kicked but Hannibal was stronger. "You..want..to…kill me… just…because a dog..ruined…a bit… of your home? She's …young…and…needs training?" Will choked out, pulling at Hannibal's deadly hands. "What..is the matter..with you?" Hannibal noticed that Will was about to pass out soon and withdrew his hands. Will bent forward and gulped for air.Hannibal didn't offer any help. Without a further word, he turned on his heel, heading to fetch the groceries, then walked to the kitchen, immersing himself in cooking preparations to calm down. After tidying up the mess, Will entered silently and walked up to Hannibal who was still sulking about the loss and damage of his precious belongings.

Will placed his arms around Hannibal's waist, inhaled his scent and planted soft kisses to his lover's sweaty and sun-burned neck, licking around the sensitive spot on purpose. Determined to fight off the advances, Hannibal continued to chop the vegetables angrily with his expensive kitchen knife. Will decided to apologise, even if Hannibal had become violent. But their relationship had always been unhealthy. "Hey, we need to talk," Will said softly, rubbing circles on Hannibal's tense back. "Do we?" Hannibal scoffed, halting his

movements. “I just want you to know that I will get your stuff replaced and that Dante will be trained properly,” Will breathed into his ear. “I will take her to a dog school.”

Hannibal placed the knife down on the counter and turned around. “Thank you, Will,” Hannibal said, now more calmer and relaxed. “And I must apologise for attacking you. I don’t know what came over me. It was just..” He trailed off.“A bad day?” Will suggested gently, his empathetic eyes flickering over his lover’s face.

“Yes,” he responded and pulled Will into his strong embrace. His hands rested on his ass and he nibbled at Will’s neck And earlobes. “Something like that.” He withdrew his face from the nape of his neck and raised his gaze at Will again, stealing a kiss from his pink lips. “I think the lack of hunting had gotten to me.”

“Then we will go hunting soon,” Will said with a devilish grin and pressed his lips on Hannibal’s again, unbuttoning the beige slacks of Hannibal, sliding his hands under the waistband of his silken golden boxers, freeing his hard cock. “I already know who we might hunt,” Hannibal smirked and ripped Will’s shirt open before continuing to open and pull down his jeans. While they were busy, Dante ravaged the upper area of their mansion, but they focused on ravaging the kitchen themselves. The vegetables burned to crisp in the sizzling pan as Hannibal bent Will over the counter and drilled him with his cock.

Le Sacre Du Printemps (HEU)

Chapter Summary

Ellis Ashmead reassures a very disappointed Igor Strawinski how much he loves his new musical creation Le Sacre Du Printemps. They flirt and leave to drink a tumbler of whiskey, share a cigar and perhaps even more together.

Chapter Notes

I saw Deadline Gallipoli and figured that I needed to write a short HEU ficlet to try something new. Haven't seen Coco& Igor though (but want to do so soon). It's not an authentically representation of the 20th century here 😅

Tags: Alternate Universe, Crossover, 1920s, Flirtation, Implied Sexual Content

The audience in the Palais Garnier was downright shocked by Stravinsky's latest composition *Le Sacre du Printemps.* Ellis recognised it in the appalled faces, heard it in the lacking applause and the insulting calls and whistles of some folks. Ellis, however, had a different opinion on the performance. It was a refreshing and innovative masterpiece that could influence the history of music. He waited with growing restlessness until most of the enraged people had left the concert hall, then quickly used his chance to approach the talented composer Igor Stravinsky as the last critics of the socialite circle left him standing in the vast hall with the shiny, glossy, golden accents, ornaments and stucco reminding of Louis XIV and his lavish lifestyle centuries ago.

At last, no one was there anymore except for the brilliant, underestimated man. The lights had been dimmed as well. Instead of leaving, Stravinsky kept standing in front of the empty stage in the lavish concert hall to digest what the socialites just told him. Ellis' pulse

quickened as he approached the composer who looked gloomy, closed off and lost in his thoughts. Understanding the emotional state of the composer with some keen observations, the journalist slowed his steps as if he approached a cornered animal.

When Ellis had caught up with him and lingered at a respectful distance, Stravinsky's maroon eyes flashed up behind his round glasses in a hostile way. "And what do you want here? I have been humiliated enough, already," he rasped in an unfriendly way. Ellis could not stop himself from drowning himself into the dark, enthralling eyes for a moment. The enigmatic beauty of the composer rendered him speechless.

Stravinsky stared into his ocean-blue eyes longer than necessary as well. The intense, hungry gaze rattled Ellis. His notes with the article draft dropped out of his trembling hands and scattered across the floor in front of the older man. "Sorry, Mr. Stravinsky…,"he apologised, chuckling in embarrassment. Ellis hunkered to his knees on the smooth floor before the man and picked them up.

Stravinsky gaped at Ellis kneeling on the floor in a derogatory way and let out a disappointed scoff. "Of course. Another ignorant critic here to humiliate me further. Just leave me be in this godawful misery." Stravinsky turned away from Ellis with a resolute pace, determined not to look back.Ellis didn't give up however and hurried to catch up with Strawinski's stride. "Forgive me!" He called. "That's not why I am here. I think your composition is a masterpiece and you're a genius. I absolutely adore your work! In fact, my article is about to change the opinion of the public!"At least that was Ellis hoped for. It was what Stravinsky deserved:

The shade of pink on his cheeks deepened as he uttered these words of praise. Stravinsky's face softened and his posture relaxed. He stopped in his tracks and turned around, scrutinising the journalist with growing interest and fondness in his eyes. "Is that so, Mr….? "Ashmead," Ellis replied with a soft smile."You can call me Ellis, though," he spoke in a flirtatious way, winking shortly.He did find him attractive. Why not try his luck?

Stravinsky seemed to receive the flirtation with interest and pointed towards the tall wing doors. "Very well, Ellis," Stravinsky purred softly, breaching the distance until Ellis smelled the musky scent of the composer. "Call me Igor. Would you care to join me for a glass of scotch and a cigar?" Ellis bestowed him with a grin. He felt like the cat got the cream. I would love that very much, Igor."

That night, not only a cigar and whiskey were shared in Stravinsky's lodgings in a rather dubious area of Paris. No one of the society gathered there batted an eye, everyone minded their own business.

Shipwrecked (Post-Fall)

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will find themselves in a precarious situation at sea. Hannibal almost gives up but then they spot the silhouette of an island and a large vessel They have to decide what to do.

Chapter Notes

Based on a prompt by Writerscape (changed it a little):

Your characters are in a boat in the middle of the ocean. In one direction they discover land. In the other direction the second character discovers a ship. They cannot agree on which way to go at first. Write it out.

No specific content warnings except for light angst. If you don’t like the prompt for personal reasons, please don’t read the ficlet.

The sun shines down without mercy on Will and Hannibal as they drift over the Atlantic in their little rescue boat. They're both silent and don't talk much to each other to save their energy. It's not fun to drift over the unpredictable sea in a small boat with lacking food and water supplies and no ship or land in sight so far. Hannibal wakes up, stretches his limbs, takes a small sip from their remaining bottle of water, puts the lid back on and places it down again. He watches Will's angelic look on his face as he sleeps there, slumped in his seat.

His face is sunburned; his curly, unruly hair is tousled. The torn, soaked shirt clings to his body. Hannibal smiles sadly as he notices his lover's exhausted look. That's not how it is supposed to end. They have wanted to start over in the Caribbean. Instead they are now lost in the capricious ocean. There is only so much heat and dehydration their physical shell could bear. Hannibal sighs and lets his eyes roam over the ocean. His heart makes a leap. It seems

there is still hope. He decides to wake his lover. “Will, dearest, wake up!” But Will continues to snore. Hannibal bends over and shakes his shoulder. Will groans, blinks and opens his eyes. Reluctantly he sits up. “What is it?” He asks, his speech slurring slightly. Hannibal points to the silhouette of an island. “I’ve got good news for you, Will. An island is in sight. We can get away from the ocean.”

Will rubs his eyes and stares at the silhouette of the island. “Well, but we’re still at least some miles away from the island,” Will says with a sceptical look. “You and I are too weak to paddle..” A deep honking drowns his words. Both men flinch in their seats as they hear the loud, deep honking and tilt their heads towards the origin of the noise. A large ship passes them by. “Well,” Will says, his face relaxing. His blue eyes shine with hope for the first time. “That changes everything.”

He stands up on the boat, begins to wave his hands and shout. “HEY, WE’RE HERE.” Will glances at Hannibal. “Help me, please.”Hannibal remains passive. “You don’t agree?” Will asks, his enthusiasm fading away. Hannibal’s face hardens, his lips form a thin line. “I don’t think it’s a good idea to board that ship, Will,” he counters in his raspy voice. “Unless you want to end up in prison under Alana’s care or be shot on sight by Jack.”

Anger spreads over Will’s face.

“Seriously? You’d rather want to paddle to that island, not knowing if we could even survive there?” He flings an incredulous and disappointed look at Hannibal. Hannibal holds his intense gaze with ease. He scrunches his nose. “I’d rather die in freedom than rot in a prison cell again, separated from you,”Hannibal replies. “Or are you tired of me already?” Will shakes his head. He stares at the ship and to the men pacing back and forth.Will grits his teeth and sits down again and grabs the paddle and begins to haul. “Will, your shoulder,” Hannibal begins in a worried tone. “Let me help you.” Will shakes his head and continues to steer the boat over the sea towards the island, determined to make haste before the sun set again.

Once they arrive at the shore of the island, both pull up the boat on the shore and then slump down on the pristine beach, dragging their bodies and their few belongings into the shade of a tall palm tree.Will slumps into Hannibal’s arms and snuggles against his lap. A cool breeze washes over them, giving them a moment of reprieve. Hannibal bows down and presses his parched lips to Will’a for a slow, tender kiss. His growing beard brushes against Will’s.

Will manages to fling an exhausted smile up at Hannibal who dabs away the sweat on his forehead with a wet rags of his clothes. “I’m glad you convinced me, Hannibal,” he pants out. “Should we die after all, then at least we die together.”

Hannibal hums in agreement, but he is determined not to let them die. He strokes Will’s curls in a slow, gentle way, then caresses his cheek. They have lived against the odds, surviving the fall of the cliff at Chesapeake Bay, and will continue to defy the gods. Even if they were punished to be recluses at the end of the world, living only on what nature would provide them with. All he needed was Will at his side.

It’s Blow Time(HEU)

Chapter Summary

Aiden is assigned by the assassins of the organisation Damocles to distract Duncan with sex. He does but the outcome is different as he doesn’t want his true mate to be killed.

Chapter Notes

Pairing: Duncan x Aiden

Tags/ Warnings: NSFW, Omegaverse, Crossover, Alternate Universe, Ficlet

Aiden straddles Duncan's hips and presses him down into the old, soft mattress with his weight. The rusty bed frame creaks, the mattress dips beneath their weight. It doesn't stop them. The alpha grunts but doesn't offer any resistance to the omega's actions. It's been too long since he had a willing omega to take care of him.

"It's blow time, alpha ", Aiden purrs at him and flatters his long eyelashes in a coquettish way. The omega shifts on the bed, moves over to have good access to his groin. He slowly bends his head down, with a mischievous smile, making Duncan nearly grab his head . But he doesn't. He breathes sharply and lets the omega tease his balls and the head of his cock with his hands. Rewarding his patience, Aiden takes Duncan's thick, veiny cock into his mouth, licking and sucking with care and dedication.

The alpha shivers , groans and tugs at Aiden's mop of light brown curls as he loses himself in the bliss of the moment. He fucks the young omega's pretty mouth with short, hard thrusts.

Duncan keeps his gaze fixed at Aiden's wonderful blue-green eyes, although he knows someone else is here, hiding behind the trees in the safety of the darkness and the raging snow storm.

Even if Aiden is only a deadly distraction sent by that damned organisation, he wants all the pleasure offered to him before things got messy. The blow job is good. The omega knows what to do with his tongue and hands. Soon he spills his seed in Aiden's mouth with a loud groan, continuing to push in and out until it subsides. Duncan takes a deep breath, letting the euphoria take over his body and mind.

To his surprise no one has fired deadly shots into his head or cut his throat. Duncan blinks in confusion. Aiden smiles at him and wipes away the remainder of the sticky cum from his mouth. As if he could read his mind, the omega gives him a mischievous smile. "It's all taken care of. I took them out myself." Duncan eyes him sceptically. "I drugged them," Aiden adds, grinning. "Roofies always work."

Aiden climbs up, rests next to Duncan and places his head on the well-muscled chest. Duncan ruffles his hand through Aiden's soft curls. "Why?" Duncan groans in his raspy voice. "Why would you do that for me? You're a fool." Aiden lifts his head and presses his swollen lips to Duncan's. "Why do you think?" Aiden asks, stroking his scruffy cheeks.

Slowly Aiden tilts his head and bares his neck. It takes a moment or two before the scale falls from Duncan's eyes. His jaw drops slightly when he sees the soulmate mark flashing up on Aiden's neck for some seconds. Aiden is his true mate. They're destined to be together. A blush and a timid smile appears on his face.

Aiden lets out a soft chuckle. "Did you really think I would let them kill my true mate?" Duncan feels emotions he hasn't felt in a long time welling up inside him - love and relief. "I'm glad you didn't," he breathes back. Aiden gives him a wide smile.

The fire in the rustic, dirty fireplace has diminished as they rest on the bed but it's not a priority to them.The heat of their bodies keeps them warm. When Duncan's cock stirs again, Aiden grins and bolts up, drawing an amused smile from the older alpha. He stretches his wonderful petite body and bares his attractive neck, before rising from the mattress, wiggling his peachy ass.

"Now knot me and make me yours, alpha." He pauses. "If you still can, old man." This tease is a provocative jab and it fulfils its purpose. Duncan answers to that with a deep, rumbling, possessive alpha growl. His eyes flash up in a deep crimson red as his rut sets in again. Before Aiden stops laughing, he already is bent over on the wooden table in front of the window, his legs spread wide. His cheeks are flushed. Pleading Omegan whines roll from his throat. Duncan smirks at his mate and rubs his cheek against Aiden's clean shaven cheek. "Not bad for an old man, huh?" He rasps, then pushes his hard cock into Aiden's ass to fulfill his promise.

Family Dinner (Spacedogs and Hannigram)

Chapter Summary

Nigel and Adam are engaged now. They have dinner with Hannibal and Will. During dinner, Nigel feels excluded from the conversation and wants to join in with his incredibly smart idea of a wedding on the moon.

Chapter Notes

I haven't written a crack fic in ages and wanted to have a go at it again 😅

No content warnings.

Celebrating Nigel and Adam's engagement, Nigel, Hannibal, Adam and Will are assembled in the dining room. They have dinner and pleasant conversation. The song "Fly me to the moon" plays in the background. Nigel feels excluded.Will, Hannibal and Adam talk about smart stuff, like philosophy, space and literature. He's dumb. He can't. He's only good at doing criminal stuff.

Nigel places the silver cutlery down and clears his throat. He wants to share his ingenious idea concerning the wedding. Wouldn't it be nice for Adam and him to get married on the moon?

Everyone stares at him expectantly. His great moment has finally arrived.

"I have an announcement to make. You know l, was thinking about the wedding and stuff and finally got an idea."

Hannibal flings an amused look at him. He swallows down the last bit of his long pig roast and daps his mouth with his napkin. "Dear cousin, since when do you possess the ability to reflect thoroughly before you open your mouth?"

Nigel glares at him. "I'm going to fucking kill you."

"You dare to threaten the Chesapeake Ripper? In his home? Your cousin who would pay for your wedding?" Hannibal asks, still calm and amused. "This is quite the dull idea, Nigel, even for your standards."

Will bursts into shrill laughter and nearly chokes on a piece of potato.

When he turns purple and nearly gets a near-death experience, Adam sighs and slaps Will's back a few times. "I think Hannibal is right, Nigel. You don't really know how to think or plan properly."

Nigel scowls at his betrothed. He stands up and storms out of the room.

Confined (Surgeon / Policeman AU)

Chapter Notes

Slightly NSFW

Hannibal was confined in the spacious king-size bed as the marvellous nude young man rested on top of him, his legs and arms spread wide away from his body to both sides of the bed. In this position, Will Graham resembled the youthful Botticelli models of the Renaissance. It also reminded him of the tableau in Florence. Nostalgia washed over him as he remembered the city.

The cannibal wondered if he should free himself, get up and prepare another tableau like that. But he was also content with how things were at this stage. The secret mind games were no longer necessary. He could stop his killings right now and no one of the LAPD would find out. As smart as he appeared, Will would never deduce that he was the Ripper.

A coy smile appeared on the doctor's face as he admired the sinful beauty of the young cop. He pulled his left hand up, groaning as it started prickling, and sifted his fingers through the damp, auburn, fizzy curls with adoring gentleness.

"My darling," he whispered, stroking the strong jawline of Will. "My precious darling boy." Will purred sleepily and gave him a sleepy smile through half-open eyes. "My Chesapeake Ripper,"the agent muttered. "My precious, devilish Chesapeake Ripper."

Hannibal grew still in shock and forgot to breathe for a few moments. So Will had found out earlier than expected. The surgeon flinched as a loud snore broke the silence. He attempted to shake Will off, as gently as he could, but his lover didn't move his body one inch.

Even deep in his sleep, Will kept Hannibal a prisoner. His prisoner. Was this deliberate? Did he try to keep him from sneaking out again? The cannibal let out a quiet, annoyed groan.

He moved his legs to avoid them becoming completely numb and get the blood pumping through the body. So this was Will Graham's design. What a cunning, remarkable boy he was. He had underestimated the smartness of his lover. Resigning, Hannibal kissed the crown of Will's curls, then closed his eyes and attempted to gather some sleep instead of removing more rude people from this world.

The Great Lafayette (Post-Fall)

Chapter Summary

Hannibal reads”The Great Lafayette”and Will gets intrigued.

Chapter Notes

Based on the new clip “Occhio - The Great Lafayette” with Mads Mikkelsen

https://youtu.be/HNbJx1zubRs

Tags: Domestic Fluff, Fluff Post-Fall, Slight Daddy Kink (at the end)

No big content warning here. Just sweet fluff.

After placing the fresh tuna into the freezer, feeding Dante and cleaning himself up in the shower to get rid of the fishy smell and clammy cold, Will puts on a cozy, thick, woollen sweater and slacks. He walks down the stairs and into the vast living room, the lighting dimmed enough to create a cozy, moody ambiance. Hannibal is sitting on the leather couch, dressed in a beige sweater and jeans, being immersed in a book. Quiet piano music plays in the background.

A loving smile tugs on Will's lips. Witnessing Hannibal wearing casual clothes and being domestic is still so unusual, even after all these years they have been spending together.

He walks over to him with slow, measured steps and comes to stand at his left side. Will kisses Hannibal's cheek and stares at the light brown cover with curiosity. Interrupting his reading, he gives Will a fond smile. "Hello, Will. I hope you caught us some fish for dinner."

“Oh, yes, I caught some big tuna. They’re already in the freezer.” Hannibal hums and steals another kiss from Will’s lips.

“Very good. I shall head to the kitchen in an hour.“

“What are you reading?”

Hannibal holds up the heavy book.Will bows down to read the title. “The Great Lafayette,” Hannibal says.“It tells the story of a magician in the ragtime era who died under mysterious circumstances.”

“Quite the unusual book for you,Hannibal. I didn’t expect you to be interested in magicians or magic.”

Hannibal fidgets in his pocket for the remote.The light in the room goes completely dark as he presses the switch.

“Abracadabra,” he says with a dark chuckle. Another click on the button on the remote in his pocket and the light goes to his desired brightness again.

Will lets out a whistle. “I love the new lighting system,” Will remarks.

The former agent finally slumps onto the soft grey couch beside Hannibal, wraps his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders and rubs his cheek against his slightly scruffy cheek. Hannibal purrs as Will caresses him like that. “I find the book entertaining and illuminating. LaFayette had an interesting personality.He also had quite the obsessive relationship with his dog Beauty. That's something you have in common with him.“

Hearing the jab at his love for dogs, Will raises his eyebrows and chuckles. The word “dog” suffices to make him more curious. “Did he?”

“Oh yes. Beauty meant the world to him.”

“Should I read some pages to you?” Hannibal asks playfully as Will doesn’t back away. Will nods. “Please,” he breathes into Hannibal’s ear., making goosebumps appear on the older man’s skin. Hannibal’s pupils dilate. “Please sit still, my boy,” he commands in his sultry, raspy voice.

Will lies down on his side and rests his head on Hannibal’s lap, feeling the softness of his tummy pressing through the beige sweater. Hannibal turns the page until he’s at the beginning again and starts reading in his captivating voice.

The fire crackles in the fireplace. Dante has settled on her dog bed in front of the fireplace and sleeps. Outside, the relentless storm howls and rattles at the shutters. The sea crashes against the rocks with relentless violence. To Will, it is the perfect ambiance. He closes his eyes and imagines every page playing out in his imagination.

Grindelwald x Charmont (EnchantedBeasts)

Chapter Summary

Char has finally received an invitation for a “private lesson” in Grindelwald’s office at the magic academy of Lamia. Since the first day of Grindelwald’s arrival, he had felt a connection to the alpha. The wizard reveals that he wants him, too.

Chapter Notes

Tags:

Omegaverse, True Mates, Alpha Grindelwald, Omega Charmont, Academy AU, Alternate Universe, Light Smut, Older Man/ Younger Man

By any means, I don’t support the TERF JKR anymore and definitely don’t want to watch the FB movie in the cinema or on streaming platforms, but I do like Mads as Grindelwald and the couple Char/Grindelwald. That’s the reason I wrote it. Please don’t read if this creates unpleasant associations (I totally understand).

Char waved his wand and hissed “Revelio”. Sparks flew out of the top. Nothing happened, no one spied on him or set up a magic trap. He peeked around the corner, tilted his head over his shoulder, then directed his gaze up to the staircases winding up to different floors of the castle.

Relieved that no student or staff member was approaching, Char crept towards the marble staircase with quick steps, then entered the long corridor which led to Grindelwald’s office.The last thing he wanted was one of the obnoxious, arrogant but clueless alphas to report him to his uncle. Edgar wasn’t fond of him, the heir to the throne, learning magic and being a potential threat.

Char stopped in front of the round, polished mahogany door, put away his wand and checked his appearance in the magic mirror hanging on the door and ran his hair through his curls. He

took a few breaths to steady his restless pulse. With trembling hands, he knocked twice.

He paced around in circles as he waited for an answer. The young omega was unspeakably nervous at the prospect of being alone in a room with the tall, handsome wizard Grindelwald with the magnetic, cheekbones and haunting dark brown eyes.

Char still found it difficult to comprehend that Grindelwald had decided to invite him over in the evening after he had ignored him all the time during the lectures.

It was like a dream. Too good to be true and Char didn't want to wake just yet.

Ever since the omega laid eyes on Grindelwald, the new magic teacher at the wizard academy of Lamia, he had felt connected to him and often daydreamed about the alpha inviting him for a private magic lesson.

As he didn't posess much money, Edgar's doing, he would offer a more physical kind of payment.His thoughts strayed again to him writhing in velvet sheets while being fucked by Grindelwald in rut..

Char emitted a quiet Omega whine as he got lost in the daydream.

"Come in, dear boy."

The young, curly-haired omega tore his blue eyes wide open and stopped his pacing abruptly.

An embarrassed blush crept on his face as Grindelwald's voice disrupted his continued daydream.Char managed to collect himself again,just in time before the polished, round, wooden door opened by itself.

When the raspy, velvet voice laced with a thick European accent, ordered him to enter, Char's cock twitched with interest. He swallowed heavily as the first ripple of slick drenched his lace lanties.

Don't mess it up, Char, he thought. This is your one and only chance.

The young omega entered slowly and gave his best to muster a perfectly innocent expression while trying to suppress his Omegan instincts to fling himself at his true mate.

"You wanted to see me, Professor?" Char asked in hoarse voice, blushing further as he noticed Grindelwald's scrutinising stare wandered over his body.

Grindelwald, who had just finished grading some papers on his desk, straightened his body and gave him a smug smirk. "Oh, yes, my dear Prince Charmont. I need to talk to you and show you something important."

The soft purr made Char's cock harden further so he had to cross his legs to hide the bulge.Also, the scent coming off Grindelwald, a mixture of musk, sandalwood and pine, didn't help.

With a lazy swish of his wand, the older wizard sealed the door. Another swish of his hand and a soft orange light of floating candles, filled the room and created a soothing, romantic atmosphere.

“May I ask what do you want to show me?” Chat asked, his breathing growing shallow the more he tried to conceal his aroused state.

Eying Char with fondness and hunger , Grindelwald abandoned his spot in the back of the room and walked closer to the curly-haired omega with slow-measured steps.

“I think you already know the answer,” Grindelwald said, his magnetic gaze burning into Char blue orbs.

“Didn’t you feel the same connection on the day we met? Do you remember the dreams you shared with me? It’s no mere coincidence.”

Char nodded shyly. He bit on his rosy lips and avoided Grindelwald’s gaze for a second, remembering too well how Grindelwald had seen glimpses of his fantasies.

“But isn’t it forbidden to have close relationships with your students?” Char asked, furrowing his eyebrows in concern. He wanted to be bonded to his true mate, but the price for their relationship could be too high.

A heavy, palpable tension filled the air that could be compared to the one before an intense storm.

Char’s wobbly limbs didn’t react to the orders of his brain. If he didn’t know better, he thought that Grindelwald had put a spell on him without using his wand. All he could do was to lose himself in the maroon eyes that had an amber glow in them, and take in the invigorating aroma surrounding the alpha.

The alpha breached the remaining distance. Char smelled the intoxicating scent and noticed every tiny scar and wrinkle on his face.Grindelwald lifted his wand and with a slow, sensual movement, he pushed up Char’s chin with the top while his veiny hand reached out for his firm bottom.

Char let out another wanton moan when Grindelwald’s fingers groped his butt and massaged the taut flesh through the fabric. His entrance leaked more of the sweet slick. His brown pants definitely showed stains now. He automatically bared his neck for the older man to nuzzle the sensitive skin.

“I’m afraid I’ve never been the greatest fan of conventions and morality in our society,” Grindelwald purred into his ear, whilst his fingers slid back to the front of Char’s white tunic to remove it.

Obedience and Rewards (BDSM)

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal are in a BDSM session.

Chapter Notes

Tags: Drabble, Daddy Dom, Light Bondage, BDSM, Orgasm Denial

Hello there! Long time no read. I've been busy as I have a new job and didn't have much time to write. This is a spontaneous drabble I came up with yesterday and today. The finicky muse finally visited me as I saw a new picture of Mads 😈. This Drabble doesn't make necessarily any sense as this wasn't planned and I haven't done much research. Hope you enjoy nonetheless.

“Daddy, I need to come,” Will whined, pulling his rosy, plump lips into a seducing pout. He batted his lashes flirtatiously at Hannibal whilst fidgeting in his position. “No,naughty boy, this is about discipline and improving your stamina,” Hannibal answered in a stern, raspy voice, staring down at Will who knelt in front of him on the ottoman, utterly naked, except for his red lace panties.His hard cock pressed against the lacey front.

He was close, so close. And yet..he wasn’t allowed to come yet.Will gritted his teeth and focussed on his breathing and the present moment. His hands were tied together behind his back, the knot being tight but not too tight as to not inflict any damage. “Discipline will be rewarded, a lack of restraint be punished. Do you understand?” His tone grew sharper, the more his submissive acted up.Will’s breath hitched as the pressure mounted further. For some moments, Will didn’t answer and looked up at his dominant with defiant eyes, saying “*Try me, I’m going to do it anyway*.”

Two slaps to his cheeks followed and Hannibal pulled a streak of his chocolate brown, bouncing curls. The pain made Will nearly come on the spot. Instead of following his instincts he continued to fight the urgent need to spill his semen.“Yes, sir.” Will gasped, and lowered his head again in submission, panting heavily as he tried to hold back his orgasm. Observing Will’s restraint, Hannibal smiled, grabbed his chin and caressed his cheek with his fingers tenderly.”Good boy.”

A little while later, Hannibal decided to end the teasing and denial, inserted the butt plug again, the plug making a squelchy noise as he slowly pushed it into Will’s entrance, and put the vibration of the toy on maximum again.

“Now come for me, wonderful boy.” Hearing the order and feeling the vibration against his prostrate, Will released the pressure. He threw his head into his neck, his body convulsing with tremors. The white of his eyes showed as he reached his climax. A high-pitched, musical moan left Will’s throat while he relived the best orgasm he had ever experienced.

Phone Sex With A Cannibal

Chapter Summary

Hannibal calls Will from prison at 3 AM again. Will threatens him with a detailed description of murder but it only arouses Hannibal.

Chapter Notes

Tags: Crack, Drabble, Canon-Typical Violence, Hannibal Season 3, Phone Call, Murder Fantasy, Masturbation, Unconventional Phone Sex, Cannibalism Kink

Hello! This drabble was inspired by Hugh's latest appearance in episode 6 of "Roar". He was on the phone and looked totally like Will Graham in S4. This started as a short tweet but I added some more.

Will jerked and sat up on the old, worn out brown leather couch when the phone buzzed and rang repeatedly. The volume increased steadily. With an annoyed grunt, he leaned forward and reached for the device on the dusty couch table to unlock the screen.

As Will had come home and fallen asleep on the couch after a long, exhausting day, he still wore his sweaty, damp clothes, a black jacket, his blue jeans and his pastel blue shirt, sloppily unbuttoned, revealing his chest. Will swiped right and accepted the call without checking the number as he had already guessed who it was. His pulse raced as seething anger at being disturbed in sleep again washed over him.

Not again.

“Knock, knock.”

“Fuck you,”, Will cursed and tightened his grip around the smartphone. He put his forehead into a frown. A murderous glint flashed up in his cerulean eyes.This damn lovesick cannibal. Another lost opportunity of getting enough sleep again.

“Wrong answer, Will, albeit I am very much open to masturbation. The answer is “Who’s there”, though.It’s nice to hear your beautiful voice. I missed it dearly.”

“Hannibal, if you call me at 3 AM again, I swear, I’m only going to break you out of prison to cut you up and remove your intestines while you’re still breathing,” Will snarled.

He realized his mistake just then when a slight pause followed and heavy breathing. that of arousal, crackled through the speaker. Will covered his eyes with his free hand and sighed in pain. Also, he felt his cock swell in his pants at the thought of slicing through Hannibal’s sternum, hearing the cannibal’s agonised groans and see thick, crimson blood well out..

Back on the uncomfortable bed in his prison cell, BSHCI, Hannibal opened the zipper on his prison suit, wrestled with his underwear and emitted a delightful moan as his hard cock sprung free. He instantly caressed the thick, veiny shaft.

“H-Hannibal…,” Will breathed. “Stop, please.”

“Tell me more, naughty boy,” Hannibal purred in his raspy voice.Start right at the beginning. What is your design? Would you revel in my screams? Would you feast on my flesh like a predator in the wild?”

Will swallowed as he heard the slapping sound and moans. His last, feeble attempts of resistance disappeared, the longer he was on the phone.Even though this was sick and immoral, it turned him on.

“I..I would sedate you and strap you to the table, fully naked. You would be totally at my mercy. The sedation won’t be enough to make you sleep. You won’t be able to move but you’ll feel and watch everything I’m going to do to you…”

His left hand wandered down to the bulge at the front of his jeans as he started indulging them in this cannibalistic murder fantasy, trying not to think about Jack and Alana tapping into their nightly phone conversations.

We’re Here For You (Self-Insert)

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal come home to find the author on the porch, dressed in nothing but a shirt and boxers, drinking whiskey and being emotionally devastated.

Chapter Notes

This was written for self-therapy. I am struggling in my new job at the moment. This might be my worst fic ever but that’s what it is.

Cw: M/M/F, Polyamory, Self-Insert, Angst, Depression, Anxiety, Impostor Syndrome, Emotional Comfort, Cuddling, Daddy Dom

There was a chill wind in the air. It stung like needles but I didn’t care. It had been at least half an hour since I’d been resting on the porch of my house with my legs pulled against my chest, only wearing a grey-white t-shirt and a pair of blue boxers.Will’s pack of dogs were fooling around in the meadows, barking happily as they chased each other. Meanwhile my gaze was fixed on the vast green patches.Usually, the sight of the meadows and trees brought peace to my soul but these days it didn’t. I’m numb on the inside.This week had been a disaster and I felt like a failure and big mess.

Tears filled my eyes as I wondered how long I’m going to make it at my new job. All the demons, the self-criticism, the pressure exerted by people at work and feelings of not being good enough dragged my thoughts into dangerous, murky waters. There used to be a time when I was vibrant and full of energy. Now I barely managed to get the bare minimum done. Every day was just as bland as the other. As another cold breeze blew over me, I rubbed my arms to keep warm and sipped from the glass of amber whiskey whilst staring into space. Lost in my thoughts, I didn’t even hear the subtle purr of the bentley or see Will and Hannibal approach our home.

When the weight of a woollen coat dropped on my shoulders., I finally flinched and tilted my head to see Will and Hannibal, now without a coat, standing next and behind me. Their arrival lifted my spirits. Will gave me a compassionate smile. The peaky face, the dark circles under his eyes as well as the ruffled auburn curls told me that Will was struggling as well.

“Hey,” I said weakly, peeking up at them with a forced smile. Hannibal hunkered down to his knees for a moment and kissed my cheeks. “My dear, if you keep sitting out there in the cold, you are going to catch the flu,“ he scolded me in a reproachful tone.

I leaned back against him and inhaled his comforting scent. “It’s not that bad anymore, now that you gave me your coat.” Hannibal emitted a soft chuckle. “You look gloomy today. I think I am going to cook your favourite meal, princess.” I purred as he called me by my pet name. My stomach began to rumble. “Now, be a good girl and come in when I call for you.” The tone in his voice was still gentle but conveyed that he was not going to tolerate resistance.” A playful grin appeared on my face. “Yes, *Daddy* , I replied in a teasing tone. His maroon eyes flashed up at that. Hannibal bestowed me with another faint, amused smirk, then turned away, the dogs trailing after him, sniffing curiously at his grocery bags.

Meanwhile Will slumped down next to me and I found myself melting against him.He pulled me close and ran his hand through my hair. “Bad day again huh?”. I nod. “More a fucking’ messy week,” I sighed.

Will gazed at me with sympathy. “Me too.” I lifted the glass with the last sip of whiskey which he accepted gratefully.“Is it Jack Crawford?” I asked in an empathetic tone, knowing how rough the head of the BAU was with him, only interested in his impressive mind. Will let out an angry scoff. He slammed the glass down on the flooring of the porch.

“Oh yeah,” he grunted. I took it as a sign not to prod him further. Together we watched all the shades of pink, orange and blue bleed into each other and the golden evening sun sink behind that massive line of trees.

“And you?” He asked back, his blue-green orbs assessing and analysing me. “You are struggling in your new job?” “Yeah, I do. I feel like I’m a complete fraud”, I admitted and kept snuggling further against his chest, not wanting to face him with teary eyes. Will stroked my back repeatedly. “It’s okay,” he said softly. “I am here. Hannibal’s here. You can talk to us both if something’s troubling you.”

“Mhhh,” I said. I buried my face deeper into his chest and enjoyed the unique aroma of his scent, a mix of aftershave, too long in the bottle and the sweet scent of pine and listening to his calming voice and the steady beat of his heart.

“No matter what happens, Hannibal and I will be there for you,” Will reassured me. “Whatever you decide to do next, please remember that you are smart and capable.I don’t want to hear any “but”. Understood?” The sharpness in his tone made me direct my gaze at him.

I swallow as light arousal washed over me. Obediently, I bobbed mt head in agreement. He bent down, his lips meeting mine. “That’s my girl.” We fell silent and cuddled in amiable silence until the delicious scent of Hannibal’s meal reached our noses. When the door opened, Hannibal, wearing his dinner suit and apron, said “Dinner is ready”, we disentangled from each other and followed him back inside.

Paris (Nigel x Adam)

Chapter Summary

Nigel and Adam share a romantic moment on a bridge near the Eiffel Tower.

Chapter Notes

Tag: Fluff, Romantic Moment, Kiss

Inspired by a picture of @beatricenius on Twitter:https://twitter.com/beatricenius/status/1551552849557045255?s=21&t=bZT5eCDSBZvC_AN1f4mhGg

Adam might be slightly out of character here. I haven't got much practice in writing his character yet. Still I hope you enjoy the little drabble. Thank you 💜

Evening dawns upon Paris, the city of love. The sun hangs low in the sky and blesses the Seine and all the buildings with its kingly golden glow before disappearing on the horizon. Nigel steers Adam towards a less crowded spot on the bridge. "Open your eyes, darling", Nigel says with a grin. Adam trusts Nigel and it has only been a short time in which he had to close his eyes.

They have arrived just in time at the perfect spot on the bridge. Just as the night sets in, the Eiffel tower begins to sparkle. Adam slowly opens his eyes and takes a moment until the blurriness seeps from his vision. His blue orbs grew wide with wonder when they take in the romantic setting.

Knowing that Adam needs his time to adjust and get used to the surroundings, Nigel rests silent. He drinks in the sight of this fuckin' gorgeous, young man with the irresistible curls, starry, storm-blue eyes and his passion for space. After all this time together, it still amazes Nigel that Adam chose him, a former drug Lord and scoundrel, over anyone else.

Adam processes everything. It's hard at first to ignore the smell of the river, polluted air, the honking of cars, and the laughter of the people close by. When he manages to focus at last, he is enraptured. He kind of likes the sparkling lights of the Eiffel Tower although he can't stare at the oscillating light for too long.

He gets lost in thought as he sees people going up in that lift towards the top of the tower and wonder if people know how much work has to be done just for the safety and construction of

the lift.Nigel's purred "Well, what do you think, gorgeous?" tears him out of the reverie.

Adam blinks, realizes he has zoomed out, then turns around in Nigel's arms again, turning his back on the tower. He stares into the dark yet soft eyes of Nigel for some seconds. "This..this is beautiful, Nigel," Adam breathes. "Kiss me, please."

"Je t'aime, mon amour," Nigel whispers, the one French sentence he knows. He cups Adam's face into his hands and presses his mouth against Adam's soft, luscious lips. Time seems to stop as they both show their love on the bridge, not caring about anything or anyone.

Gay Cannibal Rights (Crack)

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal march through the streets of Baltimore with a sign saying "Gay Cannibal Rights." Of course, Jack has questions. He is not sure if the actually likes the answer.

Chapter Notes

Tags: Crack, Drabble, Cannibal Puns, Mention of Blow Jobs

Yesterday I attended a Pride Parade in my area and this brain crack surged up when I saw a lot of funny/ humorous signs. It needed to get out, lol.

During the Pride Parade in Baltimore, Hannibal and Will march through the city, carrying a cardboard poster that says“*Gay Cannibal Rights*”.

Freddie Lounds, who accidentally lurks in the crowd, takes a snapshot with her smartphone and sends it to Jack Crawford with the message. “Jack, I think you need to investigate Graham and Lecter. This seems very suspicious to me.”

-*Two days later during lunch at the cafeteria of the bureau* -

Jack sees Will and Hannibal sitting at a long table in the corner and joins them, placing his tray with coffee and a ham sandwich on the table. He immediately withdraws his phone from his pocket and shows them the picture.

“Hannibal, Will, the cardboard poster you carried was a bad joke to provoke Freddie, right? Tell me please you’re not *actual cannibals?* What were you actually thinking?”

Will spears up a piece of human meat sausage from his scrambled eggs and replies casually: “Jack, haven’t you ever had a BJ? We are *all* cannibals, if you think about it.”

Hannibal looks at Will in amusement and waits for Jack’s answer and reaction.

The head of the BAU furrows his eyebrows and blinks in confusion. “Sorry, Will, but what is a BJ? “

Price, who has just sat next to Jack, raises an eyebrow: “Jack, I think he refers to “blow job”. I’m pretty sure you know what that sexual technique entails.”

Will snorts and nearly chokes on his piece of sausage. Hannibal pats his back until the cough abates.

“I hope your thirst for knowledge is satisfied now,” Hannibal remarks dryly and pulls his lips into a smirk.“One day you will find pleasure in tasting human semen that could have become potential human beings.”

Jack gives them a scandalized and pained look. “I really shouldn’t have asked.” Swiftly he rises from the chair, grabs his tray, and walks away towards the exit of the cafeteria.

The Fatal Dog Adoption (Crack, Post-Fall)

Chapter Summary

Will adopts another dog against the warning of his husband. This gets Clarice Starling's attention.

Chapter Notes

Tags: Drabble, Crack, Fluff, Post-Fall, Dogs, Obsessed Jack Crawford, Clarice Starling, No Clannibal/Clannigram

Will enters the living room of the beach villa with a black beagle pup wriggling in his arms. Knowing the power he yields over the cannibal with his looks and charm, Will smiles seductively at Hannibal who has been immersed in another hideous article of Freddie Lounds until now. Smelling the hideous cologne and the scent of the dog, Hannibal looks up with a pained expression.

"Hannibal, this is our newest addition to the family. Say hello to Carla." Will makes sure to draw out the first vowels of his lover's name.

Enchanted by his beloved's voice, Hannibal puts his tablet aside. At the sight of the little black puppy, he frowns and sighs softly.

"Mylimasis, we already have eight dogs. It's going to attract unwanted attention."

At that warning, Will merely raises his eyebrows flirtatiously, makes his famous puppy eyes, bends down and kisses Hannibal softly on the cheeks. He uses his Southern drawl as he whispers: "I will make it up to you later, Darlin'."

Carla yips and jumps out of his arms on the couch, digging her paws into the expensive leather as she jumps around in excitement. Then the other pack rushes in. The mutts bellow as they smell the new furry friend. Will immediately rushes forward to prevent chaos and Carla from potential harm.

Seeing the destroyed leather and the other dogs disturbing his peace, Hannibal shakes his head in resignation. "Cunning boy, you really are going to be the death of me."

- Meanwhile at FBI headquarters in Quantico -

Clarice locks her computer, gets up from her chair and makes her way to Jack's office with quick steps. A triumphant expression lies on her face.

"Jack, I hate to interrupt your conversation but I just found out by an anonymous source that two men in Cuba, living as hermits, adopted nine dogs. My source says one man has a jagged scar on the cheek. Isn't that too much of a coincidence?"

Brian, Jimmy and Jack, who have been talking about the latest article of Tattle Crime, fling meaningful and shocked glances at each other.

The agent in training awaits a rude remark and tenses her shoulders but to her surprise Jack smiles at her and retreats to his desk.

He puts on his cool sunglasses, his beige coat and retrieves his rifle from the locker.

"You're totally right, Clarice, that sounds just like them. Well done." There is a fire in Jack's eyes that Clarice hasn't seen before since she started working with him here. "Let's head to Havana! Go and pack your stuff. The flight goes in half an hour."

"Yes, sir."

Clarice follows him swiftly.

Brian and Jimmy's jaw drop at the sight of their boss and his protégée storming out of the office just like that.

"Geez, he's still like Captain Ahab," Jimmy murmurs.

"I guess he will never change," Brian replies, making a frantic gesture with his hands.

"Come on, let's go hunting the white whales."

In Twilight and Rain (Tristan x Galahad)

Chapter Summary

The battles in the Southlands have ended, the orcs were driven out by Elves and Men. Galahad can’t find Tristan anywhere and fears for the worst.

Chapter Notes

Tristan is a mortal man and Galahad an elf in this short drabble. This is strongly inspired by Lord of the Rings / Rings of Power as I am currently watching the movies again and the new show.

Tags: Drabble, Blood, Post-Battle,Angst With A Happy Ending, Suicidial Thoughts, Reunion, Kiss, Not Beta Read, Alternate Universe, Middle Earth AU

When the fog had cleared and a heavy silence reigned over the battlefield, Galahad walked through the meadows stained with blood of elves, men and orcs. His blue-green, attentive eyes searched for a wounded Tristan lying among the dead soldiers and horses.

“Tristan!!”

His voice echoed over the plain but no one answered his calls except for the wind. His heart grew heavy for his elvish sight did not reveal Tristan’s whereabouts. Big clouds darkened the sky and a loud thunder roared. Then lighting flashed above his head. Rain began to crash down on the fields and wash away the stains. As the rain grew relentless, Galahad finally resigned turned around and walked the same path back with aching limbs.

As he approached the camp of the men , he heard the joyful singing and laughter. Galahad's grief only worsened. He didn't care about the victory over the orcs in the Southlands. A numbness had seized him. Galahad didn't feel anything, not even the freezing rain drenching his hair and clothes nor the stiffness in his muscles. Tristan was gone but he would linger like a fading star.

Galahad would linger in shadow and in doubt until the world had broken and renewed There was no way for him to reach the Undying Lands. Perhaps he should just take his blade and stab his heart.

Immersed in his dark, tempting thoughts, he didn't notice a figure catching up with him from behind. A hand grabbed his shoulder and Galahad reached for his blade instinctively but stopped withdrawing it as he smelled the familiar scent. He would recognise his lover's scent,musky and pepper, anywhere.

Slowly, he turned on his heels to face a wounded, tired and battle-worn but otherwise a living Tristan. His lips quivered and hot tears of relief ran down his cheeks. He immediately cupped Tristan's face into his hands and stroked his cheeks.“Missed me?” Tristan grunted.

A small smirk lay curled on his lips. His breathing went ragged and Galahad knew they had to bring him to the healer quickly. Yet he took the moment to feel the sharp cheekbones beneath his fingers, to drown himself in the maroon eyes of his lover. “You were supposed to stay.”

“I couldn't,” Tristan replied.. A slight gasp in pain escaped him. “I couldn't stay behind while elves fight our battle.” The elvish warrior sighed. “I forgive you, Tristan,” he breathed then pressed his lips eagerly against Tristan's bloodied ones.

Time in Middle Earth came to a halt as the fateful lovers who had found each other again, consummated their reunion in the twilight and rain.

It’s Been Seven Years (Post Fall / #RenewHannibal)

Chapter Summary

Will checks AO3 for fun and shows Hannibal that fannibal writers are still writing erotic fiction about them despite their disappearance seven years ago.

Chapter Notes

This was written for the #RenewHannibal campaign on Twitter. I saved it and shared it here because the platform’s future seems to become more and more uncertain according to the latest developments and tweets.

Tags: Post-Fall, Drabble, Canon-Divergent, Established Relationship, Fluff, Kiss, Implied Smut, Meta

"Wow, after all this time they're still writing erotic fiction about us," Will remarks and snorts. He puts the tablet into Hannibal's hands, wearing a smug and amused smile on his face.Hannibal accepts the tablet and briefly scans the content of the site *Archive of Our Own*.

"Excellent," he says, his lips curling into a self-satisfied smile. His maroon eyes gain a devious gleam. He leans forward and gives Will a soft kiss ,then lingers to nuzzle his neck and rub his cheeks against the stubble of Will. "Maybe we should give them more explicit material," he purrs in his husky voice."After all, it's been seven years since they last saw us. This might elevate their creative endeavors to greater heights."

Will lets out another amused scoff yet arousal builds in his groin. Goosebumps appear on his skin as Hannibal caresses his sensitive areas with his lips and nose. "You insufferable narcissist," he teases his lover. He turns his head and draws Hannibal into another languid

kiss, that turns fiercer, fumbling with the buttons of his white, patterned suit and shirt while opening the camera app on the tablet.

A Dessert With Special Ingredients (NSFW)

Chapter Summary

It’s Hannibal’s birthday and Will serves his lover a chocolate cake for dessert. It comes with a very special ingredient.

Chapter Notes

Tags:

NSFW, Semen/Cum in Food, Food Play, Blow Job, Anal Sex, Top Will Graham, Bottom Hannibal

I just had the most delicious vegan chocolate cake at a restaurant and for some ridiculous reason my muse suggested this idea to me 😂

Sorry for the longer break. My energy and motivation isn’t what it used to be.

As usual, please don’t repost this fic and picture on other websites. Thank you.

“And for dessert I serve you a sinful chocolate lava cake on mango sorbet. This is my pride and joy as I used special ingredients that got harvested today,” Will purred into Hannibal’s ear, his lips brushing against his earlobes,as he placed the plate before him.Hannibal analyzed the dessert with his trained chef’s eyes.

He took the silver spoon, scooped off a bite of the fudgy cake and led it to his mouth, tasting and chewing it thoroughly before swallowing it. Will watched him eat with a gloating, self-satisfied smile. “I applaud your efforts. It’s delicious and aesthetically satisfying.“

Hannibal put down the cutlery and lifted his gaze back at Will’s piercing blue-green eyes with a surprised and amused smirk tugging at his lips as he recognised the secret component in the cake. “It’s not blood that you used. There’s a slight salty note to the dough that compliments the caramel very well.”

Will quirked his eyebrow. He swirled the wine glass in his hand before taking a sip. “I wanted you to have a part of me in you. Something intimate that no one else will ever get.” Their eye contact intensified. The atmosphere was brimming with sexual tension.Hannibal’s cock twitched in the confinement of his underwear and suit pants “Happy birthday, darlin”.

Later that evening, Hannibal received more of that special ingredient. Kneeling on the floor, before Will in the dining room, he licked and sucked Will’s dick with reverence. That wasn’t

enough for him and Will realised it. Sensing his need and want through his empathy, Will stood up, pulling Hannibal off his cock. He bent Hannibal over the dining table and fucked him hard, turning Hannibal into a moaning and whimpering mess with disheveled hair and a dirty suit.

Will jerked and threw his head into his neck as the wave of bliss rushed through his body a second time. They lingered in this post-coital bliss for a while until it got too uncomfortable for Hannibal. Will stopped the cum from leaking by using an anal plug with Svarowski gems.

“This was an exquisite birthday gift, my love,” Hannibal said in a hoarse voice as he gathered himself again. He drew his husband into a long, languishing kiss.

“You deserve nothing but the best, Han,” Will replied and rested his forehead against his lover’s for a moment before the harsh reality of tidying up returned.

A Valentine’s Getaway and its Consequences (Fic Concept)

Chapter Summary

Alpha Hannibal wants to take omega Will out on Valentine’s Day but things evolve differently as Will expects his heat in the same week. Instead, they spent a week at a cozy cabin. One thing leads to another. Later, Will discovers some unpleasant truths..

This is a fic concept I wrote on Twitter.
It might or might not be written out.

Chapter Notes

Cw Omegaverse, Birth Control Tampering, Mpreg, Unhealthy relationship dynamics

This is a fic concept and hasn’t been properly written out as I still struggle with writing. I wanted to post it here as to give you lovely people, who read my fics and leave all the nice comments here, a bit of new stuff.

Alpha Hannibal wants to go out with omega Will on Valentine‘s Day. However, Will tells him he’ll go into heat this week. Thus, Hannibal suggests to stay at a cozy cabin and he'll support him in whatever capacity he chooses.After some time of consideration, Will agrees and even allows Hannibal to sleep with him. He trusts the alpha after all.Hannibal has been nothing but protective and caring when Jack demands and pushes him too much.

So one day before Valentine‘s day, they leave for the cabin.Once the couple settles and Will is distracted with something else,Hannibal sneaks into the bathroom and tampers with Will‘s birth control pills.He replaces them with nearly identical but useless and harmless ones.He wants to ensure that Will carries on his legacy.The omega catches him in the bathroom but only has a distinctive bad feeling. He chooses to ignore the weird sensation and hunch.

Hannibal and him enjoy the solitude and go for a long walk and fishing together. In the evening, Hannibal cooks a delicious, decadent menu for them. The atmosphere is all romantic and cozy thanks to all the candles, heart-shaped décor, rose petals spread everywhere, and fitting soft classical music. Hannibal is happy to see that Will enjoys it thoroughly.The alpha feels pride at being able to provide for his omega so well.

After dinner, they spend some time cuddling, scenting each other and purring whilst tucked under a warming herringbone blanket on comfortable couch in the living room. There’s also a

fireplace instead of television.Hannibal gentles Will by stroking his neck and adds to the relaxation. He reads him some passages from the *Illiad*.

Later, in the middle of the night, Will wakes up, aroused and sweating heavily. His heat has arrived.He pulls off his clothes, moans and rubs his cock against Hannibal's clothed back. A smile creeps on Hannibal's face and he pulls off his pajama, turns around and assists Will.Hannibal also makes a claim on Will and bonds with him.

They spend some days in the cabin, fucking, cuddling, sleeping and recovering from the exhaustion. When Will's head clears, he notices he is bonded and they haven't talked about it. It doesn't bother him.After that blissful week, they return to their routine and they keep seeing each other more regularly now. Will doesn't want to move in with Hannibal yet but thinks about it. They have definitely grown closer and he feels like they have build a solid relationship.

That is until Will feels something is off when he's more tired than usual and his favorite meals cause him nausea.The food smells more intense. A test he buys then reveals that he is indeed pregnant. Will is shocked, confused and overwhelmed as he has always consistently taken his birth control pills.He hands the pills to the pharmacist who confirms they are fake and not the same, albeit very similar.

Shocked to hear this, Will heads back to his pack. At night, he suddenly remembers Hannibal lurking in the bathroom of the cabin and his stomach churns. He feels betrayed.Will shield his feelings and thoughts from the bond he shares with the alpha and gives his best to act as normally as possible

As he discovers a drawing of the Wound Man when looking through Hannibal's stuff, another suspicion comes to his mind. Hannibal is the Chesapeake Ripper.However, he realizes that the thought of Hannibal being the Ripper doesn't bother him as much as it should. What enangers him more is the tampering with the birth control pills.

He drives up to Hannibal's house for their usual rendezvous, earlier as expected.He sneaks into the kitchen, pulls out the knife and holds it at Hannibal's throat. The alpha remains calm and even revels in the fury of his omega. During the confrontation, Will realizes he truly loves Hannibal and wants to keep the baby.

He promises the alpha there would be consequences if Hannibal lied to him, treated him unequally and tampered with his meds ever again. Hannibal has secretly pulled out a hunting knife but hesitates. He doesn't want to hurt him or his fetus either. A zero sum game. So they negotiate their relationship.Hannibal can continue to kill but Will gets to say whom and how.

Some time later, when the baby Abigail is born and Jack is on their heels, the abandon Baltimore and leave for Europe together.

The Rude Interruption (Omegaverse, NSFW)

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will have sex in the morning then the door bell rings and Jack Crawford spoils a wonderful morning.

Chapter Notes

Hi, it's me.

I wanted you to know that I am alright. It's been a while since I posted here last. The thing is that my new job is very demanding/ exhausting (at least mentally) and I didn't /don't have many ideas or motivation.

Here is a drabble that I came up with today. It's the first Hannigram ficlet in nearly a year!

As to the other fics, I still intend to continue them but writing block, lack of inspiration and enthusiasm for the fandom and changes in real life are making things harder. At this point I can't ask you to be patient, I know 🙃

Hope you are all alright out there!

Xoxo

Nerd

Will emitted melodic moans of pleasure as his alpha nibbled gently at the mating scar on his neck and fucked his slick hole with quick, sharp thrusts. "'So good," he whined. He clenched his ass around Hannibal's cock and buried his nails into his muscular back.

Hearing this, Hannibal let out a satisfied growl and strengthened his efforts to coax more lecherous noises out of him. "You're mine," Hannibal growled. His eyes gained an animalistic shade of red. "I'm yours," the omega whined. His eyes turned into a radiant shade of gold.

Just when they were in the middle of a blissful orgasm, the shrill ringing of the door bell disturbed them At first, Hannibal and Will ignored it and rode through the wave. When the person didn't give up, Hannibal stopped with a sigh, making Will hiss and whine in

annoyance. The alpha caressed Will's stubbled cheek and bobbed his nose before he reluctantly pulled away.

"So fuckin' rude." Will pulled his face into a pout. Hannibal had to smile at the expression as he loved his boy's pouty faces. He gave Will a gentle kiss. "I agree. Last time, it was a census taker who disturbed me that early in the morning." Will raised his eyebrows in amusement."You surely ate him, right?"

"Yes. I had his liver, along with some fava beans and a glass of chianti."

Ding Dong.Ding Dong. Another quick succession of ringing followed.

Will snorted derisively. "If it's Jack, we're gonna have a huge problem." Hannibal chuckled and shot him an amused glance over his shoulder. "We would have to be very careful and patient, that's correct." Then the alpha walked down the stairs to greet the obnoxious, unannounced guest.

When Hannibal arrived downstairs, he had to take some deep breaths and gain control over his alpha brain again. He unlocked and opened the door just to look at the bullish figure of an enraged Jack Crawford. "It was about time you opened that goddamn door!"

Hannibal had to suppress a sigh and gave his best not to betray his inner rage and disapproval. The alpha had to admit that the murder of Jack Crawford had never been so tempting then in this moment. Hannibal straightened his posture and greeted Jack with a forced smile. "Good morning, Jack. What can I do for you?"

"We need to talk," he said brusquely."

Hannibal allowed Jack to push past him and pace in the foyer. He followed him and lingered near the tiny Christmas tree. Maybe he should have fetched the pencil sharpener from the study.

"Let's cut to the chase. We have an emergency but Will doesn't respond to his phone. In fact he isn't in Wolf Trap."

Hannibal pursed his lips and tightened his jaw in disapproval. It was disgusting how he dared to ambush Will on his off day.

"To be honest, it's Will's right not to respond to your calls in his free time and would advise you to-,"

"I was all night with Hannibal, Jack," Will said calmly, crossing his arms above his chest. He wore nothing else but an oversized white t-shirt and boxers. The pheromones of sex still clung to him. He stopped right behind Hannibal and wrapped his hands around his waist and purred. The alpha shot him a fond gaze and purred back.

Jack's mouth dropped and he began to stutter apologies. "Oh…uhm…." He scratched his head. "I'm sorry, I didn't know that you…bonded." He fumbled with his fedora hat.

“A recent development but nothing that needs to concern you. And Will won’t be coming in on weekends anymore.”Hannibal’s voice and gaze became cold, almost threatening. “If this is going to happen again, I will make sure, HR will be made aware.”

The head of the behavioural science nodded curtly but didn’t meet his gaze and murmured his goodbye before he took his leave again.

“You have my permission to kill him one day,” Will murmured as he pulled his alpha onto the bed and he spread his legs. Slick leaked onto the damp sheets.
“Now make me a baby,” he breathed.

Hannibal responded with a twisted and hungry expression on his face. “I will make you round and full with my pups,” he rasped. “You won’t walk out without my baby in you, I promise.”

Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by UnknownMusing

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